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Mary, queen of Scots.



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MARY,

QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A  
STUDY.

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"Behold, every one that useth proverbs shall use this proverb against thee, saying, 'As is the mother [progenitors], so is her daughter.'"

Ezekiel xvi., 44 (compare 38).

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BY



"ANCHOR."



*Watts*

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## Mary, Queen of Scots.

### ❖ PREFACE ❖

“NEBSECT was dearer and nearer to PÉNTAUK than any other of his associates. He admired his learning and skill ; and when the slightly built surgeon, who was indefatigable in his wanderings, roved through the thickets by the Nile, the desert, or the mountain range, the young poet-priest accompanied him with pleasure and with great benefit to himself, for his companion observed a thousand things to which without him he would have remained forever blind ; and the objects around him, which were known to him only by their shapes, derived connection and significance from the explanations of the naturalist, whose intractable tongue moved freely when it was required to expound to his friend the peculiarities of organic beings whose development he had been the first to detect.”

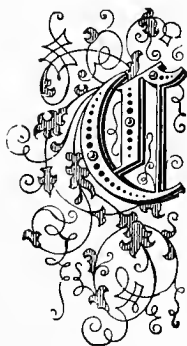
GEORGE EBER'S "Uarda," I., iii., p. 35.

“The hollow orb of moving Circumstance  
Roll'd round by one fix'd law.”

TENNYSON'S "Palace of Art."

“Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,  
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,  
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart  
Faints, faded by its heat.”

TENNYSON'S "Dream of Fair Women."



CIRCUMSTANCES, as Byron says, “masters of men”—circumstances very peculiar, a mingling of the pleasant and the painful, led to this “STUDY.” Its germ was a suggestion. It originated very much as if an amateur naturalist, turning the page and finding a mention of a recently extinct bird—like the Dodo (*Didus ineptus*) of the island of Mauritius, or *V Inconnu* of the Isle de Bourbon, or the gigantic Moa of New Zealand—should become, at

once, so much interested as to look up every accessible fact in connection with a lost species. The historian, who seeks to investigate the hidden causes of manifest results, is influenced in a great degree by the same motives as the specialist in natural research. Psychology, likewise, frequently steps in with mysterious speculations which stimulate curiosity, until at length not merely a few but numerous dissimilar lines of thought, unite—like many variegated threads in a rich tissue—to render the researches and reflections more and more interesting. Thus the mind becomes completely absorbed in the investigation. Such a subject is the career of Mary, Queen of Scots, which has enlisted so many able pens, excited so much feeling, and aroused such bitter antagonisms, that, strange to say, they are—contrary to the rule—rather intensified than weakened by the lapse of time.

Thus from works, the most superficial while agreeable, like “The Abbot” and “Tales of a Grandfather,” of Sir Walter Scott, the investigation has gone on, through many uniting the “*utile cum dulce*,” to others deeper and dryer, until it has ended in the examination as well as the accumulation of enough of books to form a small library.

When this “STUDY” was commenced, it was intended to embrace the whole life of Mary. But as it went deeper and deeper into the subject, it became apparent that Mary’s life as an independent existence ended with her parting from Bothwell at Carberry Hill. In the full sense of the

word she never again was a perfectly free agent. What is more, her reign as a reality, terminated at that crisis. Afterwards she became an ideality. The dethroned Queen Mary was not the Mary Stuart for whom men lost their senses on beholding her and listening to her. From the moment that she fell into the hands of Elizabeth, her power consisted altogether in the imagination of those who saw in her the head of a party and a suffering saint,—a wronged princess and a victim, without assistance destined to become a martyr.

There are admirable works that treat of all the phases of Mary's romantic life, but certainly the best three are John Hill Burton's "History of Scotland,"—which covers her entire career; Leader's "Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity, 1569—1584," and Schiern's "Life of Bothwell." An excellent article on Mary appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, No. 273, for February, 1873. The latter is perhaps the best accessible compendium.

After this "STUDY" was elaborated and already in the hands of the printer, a book turned up, by chance, which is one of the most remarkable and interesting ever published about Mary. It is entitled, "*Histoire de Marie Stuart*," a work in two large 12mo. volumes, and was published in Paris, in 1850. Its author is J. M. Dargaud. This "*History*" takes very much the same view as this "STUDY" in regard to the paramount influence exercised upon Mary by Bothwell, and makes him out what he was, *the in-*

dividual on whom Mary lavished the matured strength of her affection, confidence and fealty.

Dargaud's "*History*" is almost unsparing of Mary in many respects, and with these this "Study" is entirely at disagreement. Her history—even if she was as abandoned as Dargaud represents her—under the circumstances of the case, in a *manly* heart, should excite only the highest degree of pity, and inspire an attempt at palliation.

Finally, let readers remember, that the *effect* of testimony depends on temperament, experience, observation, and other physical and mental peculiarities which are beyond the control of the individual, because they are innate as well as the results of growth and development. Perfectly cool and dispassionate judgment is as rare as absolute truth. Therefore the opinion of any student who approaches his subject with a desire to do justice, examines, analyzes, criticises, and determines, his—such an opinion—is worthy of courteous consideration, and no one has a right to impugn *his* integrity or *its* honesty.

This "STUDY" is the expression of such an opinion. If it can be shown to involve error, the author replies with the Greek champion,

"Give me but light and Ajax asks no more."





## Portraits of Mary.



### REALITIES VERSUS IDEALITIES.

“And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings, in airy stream  
Of lively *portraiture* display'd,  
Softly on my eyelids laid.”

MILTON'S “*Il Penseroso*.”

“The *portrait* soothes the loss it can't repair,  
And sheds a comfort even on despair.”

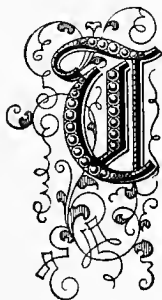
SOUTHGATE'S “*Many Thoughts of Many Things*.”

“A picture is a poem without words.”

HORACE.

“Mary Stuart was an admirable actress; rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player.”

FROUDE'S “*History of England*,” VIII., 367.



THAT no engraved portrait of Mary is presented with this “*Study*” is due to the conviction that it is very questionable if any reliable portrait of her—in the flower of her age and charms—exists. John Daniel Leader, in his “*Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity*,” furnishes a likeness, “reproduced by permission of the Duke of Devonshire and of the Marquis of Hartington, from the famous ‘*Sheffield Portrait*’ preserved in Hardwick Hall. The original

is painted on oak panel, and represents the Queen, in her thirty-sixth year, as anything but the beautiful woman traditionally described. She has, also, *a very decided cast in the right eye*, which the artist, with some skill, has rendered less obvious by representing her as looking towards the left. The upper portion of the picture, down to the hands, is reproduced in this volume with striking fidelity; but the lower part of the dress, the table on the right, and the carpet on which the Queen stands, though approximately correct, are not entirely so, owing to the difficulty of expressing in photography so dark an image as this old painting shows."

Before proceeding with further quotations from Mr. Leader, it seems pertinent to remark that this portraiture in colors is not irreconcilable with the portraits in words by Brantome, Michelet, and others; always bearing in mind, however, the remark of Froude, that she was "an admirable actress," and "rarely, perhaps, on the world's stage has there been a more skilful player."

She was accomplished in the highest degree. Even after her marriage she devoted two hours a day to study. She was a poet—that is, not a Sappho, but a rhymster who produced verses not much worse than the poets who made a mark at that time in France. She was a musician, doubtless a good one for her rank. She declaimed well; and in French, which was in fact her own language, she wrote with force.

Brantome, who knew her personally, bears witness that her prose was excellent. She was eminent in epistolary composition, of which he says, "I have seen some very beautiful, very eloquent and dignified specimens." Her letters, which have been preserved, if not retouched or remodelled by her secretaries, are sufficient evidence of her ability in that line. "Conversing, she used very gentle, winning and agreeable language, mingled with a suitable majesty, a very discreet and modest propriety, but above all an extreme grace. Even her native tongue, which in itself is very rustic, barbarous, harsh and inflexible, she spoke with such a grace, and managed so deftly, that she made it seem very elegant and very agreeable as coming from her lips, although not so in the mouths of others." The French chronicler then goes on to say that, if she appeared so charming in the barbarous costume of Scotland, what a glorious picture did she present in that elegant and rich apparel made according to the French or Spanish fashion, or with an Italian head-dress, or again—when she appeared, as often styled, "*La Reine Blanche*"—in the white of her deep widow's mourning. In that she was something lovely indeed to contemplate, for, in it, the fairness of her complexion rivalled the whiteness of the veil which she wore, to such a degree that her skin of snow outshone the spotlessness of the tissue. She shone a goddess, whom to behold there was no other choice than to die or succumb—"mourir ou d'estre pris." Thus, truly captivating did

this princess appear in every style of dress, whether barbarous, wordly, or austere. In addition, she possessed enough perfection to set the world on fire with her remarkably sweet and gentle voice, for she sang with judgment—adjusting her tone to the lute which she played very prettily with those beautiful white hands, and lovely symmetrical fingers which even an Aurora might have envied. Brantome then bursts into a rhapsody, and declares that the sun in Scotland was inferior in brilliancy to her, since, at certain periods of the year, it does not shine over five hours in the day, whereas she shone always, so that her country and her people had no need of other light. This, however, was nothing more than what Chastelard sang of her, that on her return voyage to her native country, amid the night and fog there was no need of lanterns and torches, for her eyes were brilliant enough to illuminate the enveloping darkness. There is nothing in all this eulogy—the generalities of characteristics rather than the details of likeness—inconsistent with the “Sheffield” or “Hardwick Portrait,” which develops dignity, and is conspicuous for an exceedingly fair complexion and well-formed hands with long, tapering fingers.

Michelet, who certainly did not love Mary or her Guisan connections, says, “there never was a like bewitching creature (*fée*). Her beauty, celebrated by contemporaries, was the least element of her power. Trustworthy portraits represent her with decided red (auburn?) hair, with



that fine transparent and pearly skin which was peculiar to her mother's brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine; piercing eyes, although brown, *which*, on occasion, *could assume a very hard expression*. Marvellously acquainted with books, facts, and men, she was a politician at ten years of age. At fifteen she governed the Court, carried every one away with her conversation, with her charms, influenced every heart. This prodigy of the Guises, like every other member of that family, possessed every gift except discretion and good sense. Visionary in spite of her intrigue, with so much appearance of ruse and cunning, she nevertheless fell into every trap set for her. All foresaw that in this flame the royal youth (her husband Francis II.) would soon be consumed."

"The Duke of Alva, a very acute observer, expressly declared, 'that he [Francis] died of Mary Stuart'—who tried on every one she sought to gain 'the various resources of her passionate and subtle nature.'"

Again, after a long interval of silence, Michelet resumed his work upon this likeness. "All the world knows by heart the intensely beautiful verses, in which Ronsard, this time the true as well as the great poet, recalls the charming impression, solemn and melancholy, which he experienced when he beheld Mary under her white veils of widowed queen in the forest of Fontainebleau, when the trees, the old oaks, the savage pines, bowed themselves and saluted her as 'a holy thing.' Ineffaceable remembrance and un-

ceasingly renewed by the poets of all parties. Our most serious [French] historians became subjected to the sorcery. I, myself [Michelet], could not have resisted it, if I had not had so many proofs which demonstrate that in this fatal sorceress were concentrated all that constituted the peril of the world."

"Her portraits also, it must be confessed, at least the most reliable, protest against the legend. In the Great Library, that of Ste Genevieve, at Versailles, we catch a glimpse of the fantasmagorical charm of this pale rose in prison. But, at the same time, the *long face*, framed in a white head-dress of a *beguine* or nun, reveals the genius of the Guises. The small mouth, tightly shut; the eye, fixed and lowering, do not indicate in the slightest degree the gentle resignation which gave birth to so many mendaciously favorable stories. They bespeak the Queen, and not the Saint. All these clearly betray the tragic violence which avenged upon Darnley his offence against her royalty, and which, without scruple, accepted the murder of Elizabeth."

All the portraits of distinguished personages of the period of Mary were highly flattered. They were so of necessity. Had they been faithful, Elizabeth would have been handed down as a fright. Elizabeth, if not positively ugly, certainly was no beauty. With the colors of flattery, laid on by sycophantic brushes, she became a goddess, a Venus. Mary, with undoubted claims to a certain loveliness, had a

royal right to an even greater perversion of art. Nevertheless, truth has the right to ask, how would Mary appear divested of her witcheries which cannot be transferred to canvas, her grace, her voice which was music, her gesticulation which was eloquence, her hundred attractions each of which was a powerful magnet to draw susceptible souls to her and fix them; or, to change the simile, lures like those of an existing fish, which arouses the appetites of smaller species, invites, and then devours them.

According to Chalmers, her advocate and panegyrist, "As Mary's mother [Mary of Guise] was one of the largest of women [all the Guises were tall\*], so was she [Mary] of higher stature than Elizabeth [tall and large], as we learn from Melville, while Elizabeth considered her own as the only true standard of perfection. Elizabeth's hair was *more red than yellow*, says Melville, while Mary's was light auburn; with chestnut colored eyes. Mary had Grecian features, with a nose somewhat out of proportion long—as her father's was. The Queen of Scots seems to have been the handsomest<sup>w</sup> of the two, according to the general opinion. [Very slight praise *this*.] Elizabeth asked Melville, whether she, or his Queen,

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\* For instance, after Mary Stuart's cousin, Henry of Guise, had been assassinated at Blois. by order of Henry II., the King, having stepped out the length of the corpse as it lay, outstretched, dead, observed: "Ah! how tall he is. Even taller dead than living!" (MICHELET, X., 299.)

danced best? He said, my Queen danced not so high and disposedly as Elizabeth did; and he might have added, that his Queen danced most gracefully, though this would have been amiss. Elizabeth had clothes of every country, which on each successive day she changed, preferring, however, the Italian dress. Mary had a great variety of dresses, as we learn from her wardrobe accounts, though they were not more numerous than Elizabeth's. Mary had ten pair of woolen [wolgen] hois [hose] of gold, silver, and silk; three pair of woven hois of worsted Guernsey. She had thirty-six pair of velvet shoes pasmental (laced) with gold and silver. She had six pair of gloves of worsted of Guernsey. The two Queens seem to have delighted in dress; and it is not easy to decide which of them was the best provided."

"They were both learned women, according to the fashion of the time: Elizabeth read Greek with Ascham; Mary read Latin with Buchanan. The minds of both were highly cultivated: but Elizabeth possessed in a high degree the masculine faculty of decision and action. Mary, though superior, as a woman, was defective in this quality of a sovereign; a defect this, which she had learned at the court of France, where she saw the sovereign constantly yielding an easy assent to a predominant minister. And only on two occasions, in which she was personally interested, did she act powerfully; the first, when she resolved not to ratify the Treaty of Edinburgh; the second, when

she determined to marry Darnley. She would have been a blessing, as a queen, to any civilized country, with ministers of any talents, any honesty, any honor. From her arrival among her people, to the passing moment, she had borne her faculties so meekly; her conduct was so gracious, and her manner was so full of serenity and goodness, that she was the subject of every one's eulogy, from Melville to Randolph; all except the reformed ministers, whose charity led them to regard their sovereign as an idolater, who, as such, ought to be maligned and opposed. We have seen how familiarly she took her place in her privy council, with her work bag in her hand, and some pleasant observation on her tongue."

This comparison recalls the *Epigram* of CATULLUS, translated by *Elton*:

"Quintia [Elizabeth] is beauteous in the million's eye;  
 Yes, beauteous in particulars, I own:  
 Fair-skinn'd, straight-shaped, tall-sized: yet I deny  
 A beauteous whole: of *charmingsness* there's none:  
 In all that height of figure there is not  
 A seasoning spice of that—I know not what;  
 That *piquant* something, grace without a name;  
 But Lesbia's air is charming as her frame;  
 Yes—Lesbia [Mary], beauteous in one graceful whole,  
 From all her sex their single graces stole."

As also the *Epigram* of CAPITO, translated by *Fawkes*:

"Beauty, without the graces, may impart  
 Charms that will please, not captivate, the heart;  
 As splendid haits without the hearsed hook  
 Invite, not catch, the tenants of the brook."

In 1575, Mary, in writing to her ambassador, in Paris, observes: "There are some of my friends in this

country who ask for my portrait. I pray you have four of them made, which must be set in gold, and sent to me secretly, and as soon as possible.”

“Does not this passage throw some light on that curious subject, the portraiture of Mary Stuart? Likenesses bearing her name abound in the old houses of England, yet few of them can be proved genuine, and *many are utterly irreconcilable with the idea that they represent the same face.* This letter offers a solution of the puzzle. The portraits were ordered from France, probably copied hastily from some picture there, and were distributed rather as tokens of recognition, than with any idea of recalling the features of a familiar face. Some would go to persons who had never seen the Queen of Scots, and would be prized, not because they were likenesses, but because they were her gifts. Hence we find all those strange diversities of features and of complexion which have perplexed enquirers, and led some to ask whether the Queen of Scots were a chameleon in her frequent changes of appearance.

“The month of August [1577] had been passed at Sheffield Castle, where one of the Queen’s recreations was *sitting for her portrait.* The work was not quite completed at the end of the month, but the artist had very nearly applied the last touches, and the Queen hoped to be able to send it to her friends in France by the first opportunity that might arise. Most probably the picture was the one now preserved at Hardwick Hall. \* \* \* It is

known as the '*Sheffield Picture*,' and bears the date 1578. Mr. George Scharf, F. S. A., Keeper of the National Gallery, regards this picture as the original from which the Morton, the Hatfield, and others have been painted. He says: 'There are in existence several pictures of this type, and all of them bearing the same inscription and date. They are on panel, and exhibit precisely the same details of dress, and peculiarities of countenance; but they are full length, and represent the Queen standing on a Persian carpet, the pattern of which is drawn without any regard to perspective. The feet are concealed by the long dress. Her left hand hangs down, with the fingers wide spread, touching the end of her rosary. \* \* \* The actual original of these pictures appears to be the Cavendish one, still preserved in Hardwick Hall, and is the property of the Duke of Devonshire. It is the counterpart of the rest, but has on the cross wooden rail of the table, in the left hand corner, the name of the artist, a French one, thus: 'P. OVDRY, Pinxit.'

"Precisely similar pictures, with the same inscription and date, 1578, on the background, are preserved at Hatfield House (probably intercepted by Burghley), Cobham Hall, the seat of the Lennox family, and at Welbeck, a seat of the Cavendish family. But the name of the artist occurs only on the Hardwick portrait."

"Again, speaking of the groups of authentic portraits, Mr. Scharf says: "In these portraits there are certain

distinctive points which they all possess in common. The most remarkable among them is the color of the eyes. They are decidedly brown, sometimes of a yellowish hue (hazel), but more frequently of an absolutely *reddish color, like chestnut*, or the paint known to artists as burnt sienna. With this, as seen in pictures of Venetian women, especially by Paris Bordone, the white of the eye assumes a blueish tint. In all these portraits there is a *sharp and almost a cunning expression* in the eyes. The form of the nostrils is also very peculiar. The lip often has a V-like dip in the centre, with a strong depression at the corners, and the lower lip by no means protruding. Her cheek bones are very high, and there is a singular space—especially observable in the monument—between the eyes and ears. The eyebrows are raised and arched, although not strongly defined, and the forehead is lofty and capacious.”

“Dr. Chalmers also refers to the portraits of the Queen of Scots, in the introduction to his work on her life. He says: “It is a point of much less importance, even in the life of such a queen, to ascertain what were her characteristic features as a woman. Robertson, the late historian of her reign, professed not to know whether her hair or eyebrows were black or brown; whether her eyes were black or blue, whether her nose was long or short; whether her complexion was fair or dark.”

“In this state of uncertainty, in respect to her characteristic features, the late *Earl of Hardwick entertained some*



*doubts whether she had ever been as handsome as flattery had feigned.* If his lordship had founded his opinion on a view of the ‘Hatfield’ Mary, he might well doubt. The portrait has the features of Mary, but not the youth and beauty, the elegant manners and captivating address of the Queen of Scots.”

“*To arrive at a portrait to satisfy his IDEAL*, Chalmers entrusted Mr. Pailou, “a very ingenious artist,” with a commission to *construct* a portrait from the different authorities, taking the Morton picture as the basis of his work. In reporting upon what he had done, Mr. Pailou said: “I found the same contour that I had obtained from sketches and drawings, the principal difference arising from the characteristic traits of the marble [of the monument in Westminster Abbey] being more strongly marked than the drawings and prints, which enabled me more accurately to define the true form of the features. The statue discovered also to me,” he adds, “two traits which had not been expressed in any one of the drawings, viz., a small degree of flatness at the point of the nose, and a gentle indentation in the chin. A slight indication, indeed, was given in the French print, as I afterwards observed. From this inspection of the tomb, my picture was considerably advanced by the introduction of these two traits, and by augmenting the prominence of the upper part of the forehead, which appeared in the marble to project very much.”

“After this great advance,” continues Mr. Pailou, “I examined several pictures of Mary, wherein I saw dark gray eyes, instead of chestnut colored, and black hair, instead of light auburn. The picture at Scots’ Hall, Fleet Street, is a whole length in black, which we afterward discovered to have been copied from Lord Salisbury’s Mary, at Hatfield; *the copyist, however, having lost the likeness by endeavoring to make the face handsomer than the original.*”

“I was now carried,” continues Mr. Pailou, “to the whole length Mary in the library at Hatfield. *This picture appeared to me to have been painted with a strict attention to the minuteness of nature, and has much more truth than taste.* It gives scarcely any idea of the beauty of the personage which it represents; it looks as if the original had been fifty, and has an unpleasant expression of sorrow and dejection; yet, *it is the only picture that I have seen of Mary, which then appeared to me to be an original.* And the artist seemed to me to have aimed at making the face handsome, by making it very smooth; it, however, gives a very clear and distinct idea of the real form of the features, and was of great use to me in determining the particular and minute turns of those parts of the face that constitute individuality. This picture, if it were handsome, would be extremely like the figure on the tomb of Mary; as it is, they bear, indeed, mutual testimony of each other’s likeness to the original.”

In the examination of a small library of books quite a number of portraits were encountered, each one differing from the other. The best looking undoubtedly is the manufactured one according to Leader. In Raumer's work ("Contributions to Modern History from the British Museum and State Paper Office") is found the following note in regard to the engraving inserted therein: "The portrait of the Queen of Scots, prefixed to this volume, is reduced from a contemporary original drawing, slightly sketched with chalk, touched here and there with colored crayons, for a fac-simile of which the author is indebted to the kindness of Mr. Charles Lenormand. It belongs to a series of portraits of distinguished personages in the French Court, from Henry II. to Charles IX., which is preserved in the royal collection of engravings at Paris. The name of the artist who drew them is uncertain. Dumoustier, whose fine portraits in red chalk are well known, was of the time of Henry III.: they might rather be ascribed to François Chouet, named Janet, similar portraits by whom are in the possession of Earl Carlisle, in Castle Howard. Though the face may appear older, the Queen must be here represented before her marriage with Francis II., in her sixteenth year, when she received a conventual education. In the original the hair is of a light color; and this agrees with the fact that a lock, which is preserved in a Scotch family as a relic of the Queen, is blonde."

Analyzing Brantome's language, she might have pos-

essed all the advantages which he enumerates, many of which are recognizable in the extraordinary portrait—strongly authenticated—presented in his admirable volume, by Mr. Leader, and yet not be accounted at this day a very handsome woman, or perhaps in any day except as a queen. A charming or even a fascinating woman it is very likely that she was, and in the highest degree. When she was executed she had not yet reached her forty-fifth year; and it is extremely probable that Froude exaggerates when he speaks of her wrinkled ugliness after her head was held up by the executioner. The official report of Mary's execution by an anonymous eye-witness contradicts Froude, and states (Reaumer, 388), "she was of stature tall, corpulent, and somewhat roundly-shouldered; her face fat and broad." Another authority speaks of her hair already white (Bell, II., 144), which she did not fear nevertheless while living to display, nor to curl and crimp, exactly as when it was so beautiful, so blonde, of a pale yellow. There may be some possibility of reconciling blonde hair in early youth with dark brown hair at maturity, for such a change is by no means uncommon. Many persons have witnessed tow-colored hair in children become brown at puberty and almost black long before middle life.

It often happens, very curiously, that when a "STUDY" like the present is undertaken, accident reveals facts and authorities which no reasonable amount of money could command and no ordinary research could discover. One

of these was a copy of a rare engraving which settles the relative height of Mary. She must have been an unusually tall woman, for this picture is of herself and Darnley standing side by side, and she nearly equals him in height. As it is well known that Darnley was a very tall man, so much so that Queen Elizabeth styled him on that account "yonder *long* lad," Mary's height must have been such as is rarely seen in ordinary society, and this agrees with her figure as represented in the "Hardwick" or "Sheffield Portrait." The inscription below the engraving reads as follows: "Mary Stuart, Queen of France and Scotland, and Henry Lord Darnley, her husband: Engraved by R. Dunkarton after a drawing from the unique print by R. Elstrake, in the possession of [Sir] St. Mark Masterton Sykes, Bart."

Another remark is necessary. The face in this picture resembles that in Raumer's work already referred to, but the cheeks are much fuller than in the "Hardwick Portrait." This discrepancy is again easily reconciled, because the last named was painted after she had experienced long years of suffering, sickness and sorrow. Nevertheless, it is said that she actually took on flesh subsequently.

To present the plain truth it would seem that Mary was what would be considered a very tall woman, lithe, well formed, stately—with a long face, a disproportionately long nose, light chestnut hair gradually growing darker, with eyes to correspond, not large but susceptible of ex-

treme brilliancy, and long, beautiful, symmetrical arms and long tapering fingers. She was very active and astonishingly enduring, graceful in every movement, fascinating in expression and in voice, a very charming musician, a deft embroiderer and needle-woman. Still with all this, if she had not been a queen and extolled, she might not have ranked as a surpassingly beautiful person. Her exalted rank, her careful education, her brilliant surroundings, all lent attractions to a face and figure which in ordinary life might have passed comparatively unnoticed.

All "action is the result of forces" and every human being is a "product," the sum of a long process of additions of qualified sums, of less or greater values. Such was Mary. She was the hot-bed flower of seeds sown in successive soils stimulated to their highest capacity for the production of a rank or rich plant.

If, in painting a portrait, a disciple of Holbein or of Durer, or of Michael Angelo, all realists, is to be pushed aside, and a follower of Giorgione, of Carlo Dolce, or of Raphael be substituted at the easel, what a different picture will grow beneath the brush of inspiration in drawing and in color; the commonplace in the eye and under the hands of the latter will glow in all the perfection of delicate lines and exquisite tints.

Weighing all these silent yet speaking testimonies, this "STUDY" has evolved a result of its own from the discordance, and evoked from the battlefield—almost chaotic in

the wreck of centuries of conflicts, bloody, bitter, trueless, with which it is strewn—a new creation, the product of comparison, analysis and thought—a Mary Stuart who lost her head at Fotheringay Castle in 1587, but has reappeared from time to time to captivate men's hearts and wring men's souls. She lives in our generation, and will live as long as the sexes are distinct.





## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

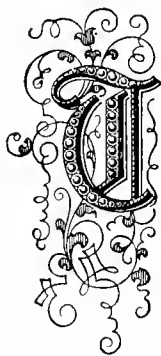


“Thy birth and thy nativity is of the land of Canaan ; thy father was an Amorite and thy mother was a Hittite.”  
EZEKIEL, xvi. 3.

“O, thou seed of Canaan and not of Judah, beauty hath deceived thee, and lust hath perverted thy heart.”  
THE HISTORY OF SUSANNAH, § § 56.

“Thy father Genoese, thy mother Greek,  
Born on the seas ; *who truth in thee would seek ?*  
False Greece, Liguria’s false, and false the sea ;  
*False all : and all their falsehoods are in thee.*”  
BUCHANAN, in “*Collection of Epigrams*,” 1735.

“She seems at point to speak :  
Now she lies back, and laughs, with her brows drawn,  
And her lips drawn, too. \* \* \* \* \*  
They will not slay him in her sight. *I am sure*  
*She will not have him slain—*”  
“*Nay, he is dead and slain—*”  
SWINBURNE’S “*Chastelard*.”



THE arrogance of man, his over-estimate of his powers, leads him willingly to accept the Arminian doctrine of “free will,” because it ministers to his self-importance. If he would only study closely and reflect conscientiously, he would recognize the force of the philosophical axiom, that “all action is the result of forces,” and that every human being is neither more nor less than a “*product*.”



The rigid doctrine of predestination is one of no recent promulgation. It does not date from Calvin, who is accepted as its stern—nay, pitiless—exponent; nor from the great and glorious St. Paul, who taught it in language unmistakable to those who will analyze and compare; but it is to be found throughout the Scriptures, the facts of which have never been successfully controverted, but always firmly corroborated by recent discoveries. It is not confined to the Old Testament, but was accepted by every one of the ancient religions, all of which originated in the “Morning Land,”—the East, the cradle of the Adamite or civilizing family to which we belong. These again, are children of the *Ur-glaube* which was an inspiration, the nerves or veins of which are to be discerned by the microscope, if not by the eye, running through all the subsequent faiths: just as in a polished slab of variegated marble it is possible to detect throughout veins of certain colors. Of all the philosophers of antiquity, the purest and the noblest were the Stoics, and they held to the idea that men were the creatures of destiny—factors, instruments; and a learned divine of our day, in a marvellous work, “Judaism at Rome,” has shown that Stoicism was founded on the revelations of the Jewish Scriptures, of which the canon, acknowledged as inspired, was closed before Rome had a literature.

Men are simply “products,” creatures of time, place and circumstance. They struggle, and strive, and dream,

that, swimming, they can direct their course upon the river of Time, when, after all, the current of Destiny, with more or less rapid and imperial impetus, is only carrying them on, in spite of all their vain and furious efforts, whither it was originally intended that they should be impelled, whether to be submerged or safely thrown ashore. Inscrutable! the force of the inevitable urges them on, and even the very philosophy with which they passively accept, or the passion with which they frantically resist, or the weakness with which they foolishly complain, is only part and parcel of the fearfully inexorable. Investigation and reflection must recognize that, after all, the constructions of human reason, labor and determination, single or combined, topple over like houses of cards beneath the influence of the slightest form of the irresistible—the terrible *MUST BE*. Thus men are born, thus they live, and thus they die, without the slightest power to hinder, avert or change, until they reach—what? Who can answer? That which man accepts as the voice from beyond the grave in response to his anxious appeal, is nothing but the echo of his own hope, his own wish, and his own education.

These remarks are an almost sufficient explanation of the life of Mary, Queen of Scots. If she had been different from what she was, she would have been what no one ever yet has proved to be—an original creation; because she would have presented the anomaly—a product

which could not be resolved back into the original quantities of which it was composed.

The Stuarts were a fated race. The decrees of Destiny seemed to pursue their steps. Read their history. It presents scarcely an example of what is ordinarily termed a prosperous, a peaceful or a painless career.

Not to go back further than her great grandparents—although the retrospect might be continued almost indefinitely—how clearly does investigation reveal qualities that aggregated in Mary. With characteristics brilliant and beneficial, her father, James V., was a creature of passion. He left one legitimate child—Mary; six natural children who became invested with high dignities—one the famous Regent Murray—and a crowd of unknown and unrecognized offspring. The mother of Mary, Mary of Guise, although her chastity is not impugned, was a mistress of intrigue and a bigot with occasional glimpses of judgment, which last was particularly manifested in her last moments, when the hand of death was removing the veil with which passion had hitherto obscured her vision.

One remark of hers is a revelation, nothing more is needed. To a “deputation from the Congregation,” she observed: “It became not subjects to burden their princes with promises, further than it pleaseth them to keep the same.” (Burton, III, 350.)

“As is the mother, so is the daughter.”

James IV., the grandfather of Mary, was little better

than her father, with this difference, that he was less choice in his amours. He was a libertine, redeemed by chivalric bravery. Through this quality, and characteristics which are often inseparable from it, he won the golden opinions of the world, and diverted censure. The same vices in his father, James III., were dealt with far more severely. His favorite mistress was known among the people by a contemptuous epithet—"the Daisy." On the other hand, the mistresses of James V. manifested themselves in splendor; and, through the liberality of the King, were enabled to win the admiration of an ignorant people.

James I. was murdered; James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III. was assassinated; James IV. died in battle, fighting like a common trooper, and, as in the case of Marmion, it is questionable if his body was ever identified. The corpse supposed to be his was not interred with his race, and his remains eventually experienced a most ignoble end. James V. died of a broken heart, with the prophecy on his lips that "It [the crown] came with a lass [the Stuarts obtained the throne by marrying a daughter of Bruce] and it will go with a lass." Mary was the last Sovereign of independent Scotland, and she fulfilled the dreadful destiny of her family on the scaffold.

On the mother's side, Mary was a Guise. With all the zeal and fantasmagorial surroundings of the greatest earthly success, calamity presided over the destiny of this

family as well as over that of the Stuarts. Humanity, short-sighted and deluded, forgets the marvellous saying of Solon to Cræsus, that "no man should be pronounced happy until his end was known." The remembrance of this wrung from the once prosperous King of Lydia that appeal to the past: "O Solon! Solon! Solon!" which saved him from the funeral pyre, and won him the friendship of Cyrus. The great Persian appreciated the foresight of the Greek philosopher and was touched with pity. Perhaps, he saw from the height of his mightiness, far off, in the dim future, a portent of his own most disastrous end. The story of Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, is still more pertinent. The apparent favorite of the gods ended his career in the torments of crucifixion.

The first and grandest Guise, the capturer of Calais and the defender of Metz, the great idol of the Roman Catholic faction in France, was assassinated by Poltrot, a Huguenot gentleman, incited to the act by the cruelties which Guise had perpetrated upon his co-religionists, and which the wife of the Duke had witnessed with exultation and enjoyment. Dying, he implored the pardon of his wife for his frequent early infidelities, which had stained a career otherwise resplendent. His even more popular son, Henry of Guise, the cousin of Mary, the idol of the Parisians—who, if Fate had not denied him "the nail to fix the Wheel of Fortune," would have transferred the crown of France from the race of Valois to his own—that of Lorraine—passed

from the embraces of his mistress into the hands of his assassins—assassins whose daggers drank the blood of his brother, the Cardinal, almost before they had ceased to drip with his own. The exhaustions of love deprived the Duke of the astuteness which under other circumstances might have protected him against the deadly strokes which stretched his corpse at the feet of the king whose vengeance he had provoked. Thus it was on the side of father and of mother that Mary inherited qualities which impelled her headlong to her doom. Woman was the rock or shoal on which both Stuarts and Guises shattered or sunk: and Mary, the woman, struck on bar after bar of men, until her vessel, weakened by successive shocks, went to pieces on the shifting shoal of a miserable Babington. Wonderful exemplar of a mighty truth: Whoever commits the helm to unbridled passion never brings craft or cargo to any port in safety.

Our unbridled or unregulated passions are simply the heirlooms and the instruments of Fate.

What Henry VIII. of England was, needs no telling. It is remarked of “Bluff King Hal” that he dearly loved to look upon a man.” Like him, her great uncle, Mary had the same partiality for a MAN, and it is to the fact that Bothwell was, indeed, a MAN, that she first looked upon this Earl with favor, then with affection, and finally with irresistible passion. Henry’s sister, Margaret, was the wife of James IV. and grandmother of Mary, of

whom she was almost a perfect type. This "English Margaret, whose unwomanly lust was not even hid beneath a womanly reserve—'an ignorant, deceitful, low-minded, odious woman,' drying her widow's tears in three months to marry the handsome Earl of Angus; divorcing him after two years to marry her paramour, Stewart of Avondale; and in nine years or ten years later seeking a new divorce that she might return to her first love; as treacherous to her nation as to her husbands; selling information and herself to the English government, and for poor wages, too; and at the last paying the penalty all traitors pay in universal neglect and contempt."

Institute a parallel between Margaret the grandmother and Mary the grand-daughter. See how strangely it holds good, step by step. After losing first husbands both sought gratification in lovers. Margaret re-married in three months. Mary was anxious to re-marry, after a short delay, with d'Amville; and Dargaud alludes (I. ii. 115-6), to a terrible charge, her proposition that he should make way with his wife in order to be free to marry her. D'Amville, who came from a far different race than the Guises, rejected the proposition, by whomsoever it was suggested, with horror, and fled the temptation which led to such a conception. Condé preceded (?) d'Amville, as a lover, and to the latter succeeded Chastelard. Whatever were the relations between this brilliant man of the pen and of the sword and Mary—and this "STUDY"

rejects the idea that Mary gave herself up to him—there is no question that she did what almost every woman does—when the crisis arrives—she sacrificed him in a vain attempt to preserve her reputation. Even John Hogan, Barrister at Law, her advocate (I, 96), is compelled to admit: “It is impossible to acquit the Queen of all blame in this unfortunate affair. Chastelar was condemned to death for his audacious conduct, and she allowed him to perish on the scaffold. It may be said, and it is no doubt true, that if she had interfered to save his life, the worst construction would have been put upon her motives; *but it would have been better to incur such imputations than to allow a punishment to be inflicted so disproportioned to the offence.*”

A woman in private life with Mary's passions would most probably have governed them so as not to hazard, or lose, her social position: whereas Mary, as Queen, considered herself above all law except her own will. It was this very treading under foot all conventionality that aroused so much feeling against her: Knox and the reformers, and the people whom they influenced, holding that a queen had no more right to break the commandments than any other individual. Mary did as she pleased with herself, and her enemies did as they pleased with her. Had she remained in France she might have broken the whole Decalogue with impunity and without reproach. To a kindly critic, the sin of her life was her extraordinary course towards Bothwell.



If she loved him before she had become thoroughly disgusted with Darnley, why did she allow him to marry, to quadruple the criminality necessary to unite herself with him? Burton (IV. 173) explains this and reasons like a man who understands human nature: "That she [Mary] should fix her love on him [Bothwell] has always been deemed something approaching the unnatural; but *when the circumstances are considered, the conclusion ceases to become so absolutely startling.* Mary was evidently one of those to whom, at times—and to her the times were apt to come in quick succession—a *great affair of the heart is a necessity of life*; the necessity now [as regarded Bothwell] increased in intensity by her utter disappointment in her last attachment, and the loathing she entertained towards its object [her husband, Darnley]."

The real truth is, Mary Stuart, when the fit was on her,

"Lov'd not wisely, but too well,"

and her passion for Bothwell was nothing more nor less than the unbridled love of a woman at the age when the passions are strongest—a woman who considered that she had no restraints to consider but those of her own royal will. She had suffered: she sought solace; she believed that the arms of Bothwell were a harbor of rest and safety. Unfortunately the haven was open to the very quarter from which she did not expect the tempest to come, but from which it did come and overwhelmed her.

The next lover, in order, after Chastelard, a Bayard in blood and bravery, was the gallant Sir John Gordon. It is averred that she loved him dearly. Policy required his removal. She witnessed his execution, as it is implied that she looked coldly out upon that of Chastelard. At all events the misguided lover-troubadour bent his last gaze upon the window where he supposed her to be, and, without a word of blame, bade her an everlasting adieu "as the most lovely and cruel princess in the world."

The association of Mary and Chastelard is invested with a mystery beneath which lies a terrible reality, invisible to the eye but sensible to instinct, just as humanity recognizes the presence of a corpse, although its rigid outline is not clearly perceptible beneath the drapery in which it is enveloped. The writer realized this once, under very peculiar and startling circumstances, in a hospital in Italy. Ushered suddenly into a chamber, there was an indescribable intuition of the presence of the dead, although there were no indications appreciable to the senses until they were palpably manifested.

Swinburne, who has made the life of Mary a long and close study, seems to pivot his Trilogy of poems—"Chastelard," "Bothwell" and "Mary"—covering her whole career, on her sacrifice of this Troubadour-Bayard. In the last, "Mary Stuart," the following lines, commemorating her death-scene, conclude the tragedy:

*Barbara Mowbray.*—Hark ! a cry.

*Voice below.*—So perish all found enemies of the Queen [Elizabeth]!

*Another Voice.*—Amen !

*Mary Beaton.*—

I heard that very cry go up

Far off, long since [when Chastelard was executed], to God, who  
answers here [now that Mary undergoes the same fate].”

In this case, Mary Beaton seems to point out the consummation of “the law of the inexorable,” that terrible “law of compensation,” which rules all and everywhere, demonstrating how the axe at Fotheringay, 1587, avenged the stroke at Edinburgh, or at Saint Andrews, 1564.

Why?

Dargaud explains this, “Mary, who, when she loved, was so reckless as regards public opinion, was timid, absolutely cowardly, in the case of Chastelard. She was terrified by the calumnies disseminated and preached against her even in the churches by the Protestant ministers. She abandoned to them as a pledge of her chastity this devoted head [of Chastelard]. She was deaf to all the remonstrances or appeals addressed to her in his favor. Returned [from Burnt Island] to Holyrood, she refused to commute the death penalty pronounced by fanatic judges against Chastelard, and she commanded the effacing of two lines, incised by some unknown hand upon the plaister or wainscoting of her room.

“King’s face,  
Gives grace.”

“I (Dargaud) discerned on the wall of the old palace,

beneath the deposits of centuries, the traces of this generous reminder ; Marie must have discovered it very often in her conscience.”

The Eumenides of Grecian Mythology, the Furies, the Avengers were three, and a terrible Three hounded Marie to the block, her sacrifice of Chastelard to public opinion, of Sir John Gordon to policy, and of Darnley to love for Bothwell.

The fool has said in his heart, there is no God ! There is ! And He reigneth, governeth, and requiteth ; not according to man’s mind or measure, but His own. Who knows what faces thrust themselves up before Mary’s eyes, between them and the block, when her head lay prone upon the fatal wood.

That the sacrifice of the representative of the stainless Bayard, of the lofty house of Huntley, and the royal race of Lennox, lay light upon her callous conscience, is easily believable. One of our generals, U. S. A., a profound thinker, sums up thus, the character of Mary. “Mary was intensely selfish, and, if not cruel, totally indifferent to the sufferings of others. She could sacrifice her warmest and best friends to her own pleasure. She deemed that all things were made for Mary Stuart’s pleasure and gratification. She was unprincipled, false, without any affection for any one. *Passion* she had, but she never had *love* for any one but Mary Stuart. Love consists of two elements—Affection and Passion. Affection without

passion is Friendship. From the degrading custom among the Greeks, Friendship between members of the same sex sometimes was assimilated to Love. (Passion without Affection is"—Mary Stuart!) She was such as this deeply read and reflecting officer estimates her. She was destitute of conscience, unless, perhaps, when life and death were meeting, in the supreme moment, a flash of supernal light illuminated the past, and she saw in all its hideousness a panoramic development of her whole career, at once, for an instant, as lightning at midnight reveals a landscape, and then, with the severance of her neck, she passed from the actual Present into the doubtful Future.

Oh, eternal spirit of truth! such a "STUDY" as this recognizes, KNOWS thee, CIRCE, SIREN, ARMIDA—MARY STUART!

To Chastelard succeeded Sir John Gordon, and, next in order, followed the pliant and astute Rizzio. Subsequently, the vile Darnley, who owed his elevation to Rizzio, justified his low licentiousness by attributing to his wife the admission of the Italian to her embraces. No gallant spirit will believe Darnley against Mary in regard to Rizzio. Darnley was insanely jealous, and with reason, for Mary already belonged, in heart, to Bothwell. Cynics, like Henry IV., assigned the paternity of James VI. to Rizzio. Darnley acknowledged him (James) as his own honestly begotten child, and with justice; for, like his father, the son was mean and cowardly, while he resembled

his mother in intellect and love of learning. It would have been inconceivable; contrary to nature; opposite to even woman's most depraved instincts, for Mary to yield herself to the low born Italian with Darnley (legally) in her arms and Bothwell (really) in her heart of hearts.

This "STUDY"—like Mary—is carried away by Bothwell! With all his stains there was an immense deal of the admirable in him; he was out and out a MAN. It was said of the famous Regent d'Orleans that he was a "*fanfaron des vices*" (a pretender to vices he did not possess): Bothwell was no pretender to anything. He was as great in his vices as in his virtues, or redeeming qualities; in all a MAN. A criminal passion in Mary for Rizzio is incredible. At this time she was already and madly in love with Bothwell; and no woman who loves ever debases herself to sharing her favors, which she has absolutely given to the object of her affections, with a low dependent.

It is claimed that true love is the greatest purifier; that it erects a barrier insurmountable—which cannot be breached—between a man or a woman and everything that is base. There is nothing more true than this. In a man, in the true sense of the word, it ennobles even that which is intrinsically noble. It slays selfishness. It quenches every low desire. An ordinary man it converts into a hero, for the man who is not made brave and generous and self-sacrificing and honest—in a word, noble, in the highest interpretation of the the term—by love, does not

truly love. This covers everything; and whatever comes short of this mingles the dross of earth with the sublimity of spirit and is unworthy of the name.

Mary became enamored, at first sight, of Darnley's physical and superficial attractions, just as her grandmother, Margaret, was borne away on the tide of passion for Angus. Margaret remained faithful for three months; Mary, perhaps, as long, certainly not over six—that is, counting from her private or secret marriage which antedated the public ceremony by nearly three months. Mary first saw her cousin, Darnley, about the middle of February, 1565, at Weymiss Castle, on the Firth of Forth. “She presently fell in love with him” and was privately married to him in Stirling Castle, early in the following May. Her public nuptials were celebrated at Holyrood, 29th July, 1565. It is curious to note that all three of Mary's marriages occurred in May (Old or New Style) and turned out unhappily, fulfilling the popular belief, that all espousals which take place in this month, inevitably bring sorrow or misfortune.

“MENSE MAIO MALAS NUBERE VULGUS AIT.”

The ties between Mary and Darnley, through vices and infidelities which no woman will tolerate, soon became weakened, and their rupture was hurried with ever increasing force and rapidity by the devotion of Bothwell. Darnley paid for his folly with his life.

Margaret, Mary's grandmother, was constant to Angus three months, when she abandoned him for Stewart. Within three months after Darnley was laid beside his victim—Rizzio—Mary—was the wife of Bothwell. He again was separated from her by the same disloyal nobility who had assisted in his elevation and had recommended the marriage. Mary was faithful to Bothwell longer than she had been to any other love. It is folly, again, to believe that within seven months she held out the lure of her hand to George Douglas, and afterwards to his boy relative. The poor wretch was almost justified in appearing to accept any assistance which could deliver her from a dungeon when she was the rightful possessor of a throne. Finally, just as Margaret tired of Stewart and sought a restoration to the arms of Angus, Mary desired to espouse the Duke of Norfolk. She would have adhered to Bothwell, if Bothwell had been within possible reach. He, her victim, as assuredly as she, in another sense, had been his, was perishing in a Danish dungeon as irremediably as she was pining away in an English prison. Bothwell was relieved of his pains by a premature natural death: Mary, by the axe.

In view of these melancholy circumstances, Dargaud utters a sentiment which is an absolute revelation of the mental and moral constitution of Mary. Mary Stuart, who had been married to Bothwell by double rites, spoke of



her alliance to him, when she was alluring Norfolk, as a “pretended marriage.”

“That,” says Dargaud, “not only astonishes, but terrifies! Her mind was [now] completely filled with Norfolk. She beguiled her captivity with this new passion. Her marriage with the Duke would save her life, give her liberty, and restore her crown. She repeats to him, in an effusion of sensibility, that she belongs to him, and that what she wishes most in the world is to share with him *tout heur et tout malheur*—‘every hour and every misfortune which the hour could bring.’ This was even less than she had said to Bothwell, that she ‘was willing to follow him throughout the world in a white petticoat;’ and, again, ‘to be set adrift with him in a boat, to drive wherever the Fates might will.’ She assures Norfolk that ‘she will be faithful to him even to the grave.’ She parted with Bothwell in anguish and tears, with a like pledge.”

Well may Dargaud exclaim: “She forgets everything which is not Norfolk! She no longer knows Bothwell. She has no more either the memory of the heart, or the memory of the senses, or the memory of the conscience—remorse. She was never able either to remember or to foresee. This time, again, she is incapable of anything than yielding to the impetuosity of the moment. Such was Mary Stuart! For her there was neither yesterday nor to-morrow. Nothing but to-day. Her passion

agitates and consumes like the fire in full blast; vile wood before, ashes afterwards.”

Every story should have its moral, as every epigram should have its point. The moral of this “Historical Introduction” is not simple, but complex. Shakspeare says that

“There's such divinity doth hedge a king  
That treason *can but peep to what it would.*”

This envelopes royal personages with an aureola. Seen through such a medium the judgment is often led astray, for this halo makes that which would appear crime in ordinary mortals a virtue, often, in a sovereign. This was intensely true of Mary Stuart. In her were revived the bigotry of Jezebel, the fascination of Cleopatra, the courage of Zenobia, and the accomplishments of Lady Jane Gray. Virtue, in the absolute sense, she had none; but she was far from being the abandoned woman her enemies represented her to be—a modern Messalina.\* Her good qualities were negative and her bad ones positive. As the philosophical Burton remarks, she could not live without a great passion: and passion finds its best food in passion.

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\* Of all the writers who have devoted their abilities to presenting, in poetry and prose, the truth about Mary Stuart, there is none who has come so near to it as ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. It may be heresy to say this, but whoever will examine carefully his “*Chastelard*” and “*Bothwell*,” will find in them extraordinary flashes of intuitive perception that are revelations. His last poem (as such, far inferior to its predecessors) is a sort of key to his conception.

Hers found its appropriate aliment in the audacious love of Bothwell. Descended from a long line of ancestors eminent for the indulgence of their passionate natures, brought up amidst a complete abandonment to voluptuous enjoyment, religious in form yet destitute of piety, when transferred from a "Garden of Armida" to scenes devoid of refinement and taste, she plucked the only fruits which grew there that could satisfy her natural longings and educated sensibilities, and fell—for certainly the manner and measure of her attachment to Bothwell (unless it was the only true and honest love of her life) was a fall into moral, as it was into practical perdition. This "STUDY" honestly concludes that her love for Bothwell was the only real going and giving out of her heart throughout her whole career; and her punishment for this lay in the immediate withering of her hopes as soon as they came to fruition. What does this prove? One of two things. Either that the supreme felicity of life—the triumph of love—is the acme of earthly bliss, and must be accepted as a "set off" to numberless sufferings which to many is undeniably an exquisite boon, or, that Fate weighs out joy and misery with the nicest precision, and, for the brief happiness of an earthly Elysium, throws into the opposite scale a fearful counterpoise of evil.

Human beings who babble of self-restraint as sufficient without Supreme support, will sit in harshest judgment upon the sad career of Mary Stuart; but philosophical

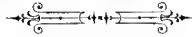
minds, who consider the question propounded by the Great Teacher, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" will remember His own answer: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Generation after generation, Mary's ancestors had been grafting evil scions on evil stocks. How could such a development produce any other fruit than Mary—the daughter of the Stuarts and of the Guises. Nature is never false to itself; and whoever has read and reflected upon the old allegory of the struggle between Nature and Education will remember that the result was a deformity, and a moral deformity was the lovely and lost Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland.

"Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,  
 Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
 These hours, and only these, redeem life's years of ill."





## Our "Study."



"Nestor.—A woman of quick sense.

Ulysses.—

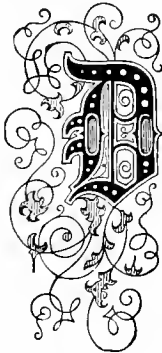
Fie, fie, upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, *her foot speaks*, her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motion of her body.  
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader!"

SHAKSPERE'S "*Troilus and Cressida*."

"The effect of Homoselle's appearance on Halsey was that of beauty as interpreted by Greek art in its largeness and simplicity. Her tall figure, with its generous fullness of chest; her long, shapely limbs, round which drapery fell naturally in those flowing lines that give the beauty of life to inanimate objects; her clear, pale coloring; the pose of her head,—all tended to produce the impression made by those grand, simple figures of an earlier age, which exist for us only in marble. Her movements, too, seemed to him to respond \* \* \* for they were without superfluous action, \* \* \* and her speech without exaggeration."

HOMOSELLE.



UMAS must have had in his thoughts the ideal Mary, Queen of Scots,\* when he conceived the irresistible feminine sorcery with which he invests one of his characters—a very incarnate spirit of seduction—Lady de Winter, in his "*Trois Mousquetaires*." He assigns to this Circean woman a power of expression in the eye, in fact

\* MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, was born in Linlithgow Castle, 7th or 8th Dec., 1542; baptised in January, 1543, and crowned at Stirling on Sunday, 9th September, 1543. Earlier than April, 1545, she had

in every feature, but particularly in the voice, so great that whoever listened to her, unless actuated by a supreme and more powerful sentiment equivalent to the vengeance, aroused by wounded self-love, or pride, or love, proper, that "casteth out fear," was converted in an instant, from an enemy into an ally.

Byron, if no other, seems to have completely comprehended the power of woman's tongue when he wrote the lines :

"The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice,  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

Dumas—in working out his plot in "*Les Trois Mousquetaires*," which culminates—as in the case of Mary—in the beheading of the sorceress, confides her, just previous

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"the small-pox, a point this, of great importance, in the biography of a *beauty* and a *Queen*." In French galleys, she sailed from the Clyde, towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, 1548, and landed at Brest, in France, 13th August. On the 24th April, 1558, in her sixteenth year, she married the Dauphin, who as Francis II. became King of France, 10th July, 1559. He died, 5th December, 1560, and left Mary a widow at the age of eighteen. Mary was waited on by Darnley, at Orleans, and by Bothwell at Joinville, early in 1561. She quitted Paris to return to Scotland, 21st July, 1561, sailed from Calais on the 15th August, and landed at Leith on the 19th August. Bothwell was at her wedding and some say accompanied her back to her native land. On the 16th February, 1565, she first saw Darnley at Weymiss Castle; late in April or early in May she was "handfasted" (?) or secretly married to him in Stirling Castle, "the Windsor of Scotland;" and, on the 29th July, publicly espoused him in Holyrood Palace. On the 9th March, 1566, Rizzio was assassinated. Darnley was murdered by a different method on the 9th-10th February, 1567. Set free by this violent measure, Mary married Bothwell on the 15th May, and she saw him for the last time on Carberry Hill, on the 15th June following. Bothwell died 14th April, 1575 (8?); Mary was beheaded 8th (18th) Feb. 1587.

to her execution, to the guard of two soldier-servants, who have hitherto never either flinched, or feebled, or failed. Their master, inexorable in his just hatred of the prisoner, seems instinctively to hear her whisper to these guards, and instantly changes them with the remark: "She has spoken to them; they are no longer trustworthy."

In reading this sentence in the romance, it is impossible not to recall a similar one in a much more sad reality. When the unfortunate Duke of Norfolk was about to lay his head on the block, in consequence of yielding to the fascination exercised upon him by Mary, he remarked that "he would rather be committed to the Tower," than  
 \* \* \* "*marry with such a person where he could not be sure of his pillow;*" and again, "nothing that anybody goeth about for her, nor that else she doth herself, prospers." Nevertheless, although he was among the first to recognize the evil in Mary's character when the "Silver-Casket Letters" were laid before him at York, and expressed his dread and horror of the Circe to whose witcheries he was so soon after to succumb,—he did succumb; and, thus, it actually appears that, in the romance as in the history, whoever was looked upon, caressingly, by Mary, and listened to her siren music, was lost.

It seems incredible that there should be any doubt as to the real facts in regard to the face, features, and the personal appearance of a woman who, with the exception of Helen, Cleopatra, Zenobia, and a very few others in

lesser degree, has excited so much interest, so much feeling, so much Pyrrhonism, and so much positive and bitter antagonism. It is very questionable if there is a true pen or brush-portrait of Mary. In the numerous descriptions and pictures the color of her hair ranges according to different authorities from black to light flaxen (*cendrée*), yellow (*flavus*), or auburn; her eyes from light blue or gray to a more or less dark chestnut. As to the contour of her face, her figure, height, there seems to be no great discrepancies. There can be little doubt that she was grace itself, and gracious—incomparable, perhaps, in manner and expression—and it is most probable that her loveliness lay rather in the general potential play of all her features, the peculiar force and fire of her eyes, and the intense sweetness, flexibility and intonation, or music, of her voice, than in positive regular lineaments. That such must be the explanation is extremely probable, from the fact that one authentic picture and one or more old writers indicate she had a slight squint, or cast in the right eye.\* Strange to say this defect does not always detract from, but some-

\* A cast in the eye is, as a rule, indicative of a defect in character. Great obliquity of vision sometimes infers, at least, obliquity of temper and morals. It indicates untrustworthiness coupled with cunning or subtlety. Mahomet, in the Koran, Chap. XX., declares that when, on the Day of Judgment, "the trumpet shall be sounded," "we will gather the wicked together on that day, having *gray* eyes." The original Arabic word, translated "*gray*" by Sale, "signifies also those who are *squint-eyed*." *Reddish* hair and *gray*, or *squint*, eyes were an abomination to the Arabs, and such of one tint or another were attributes of Mary.



times even adds a piquancy to expression if it is not too pronounced. The author of this "STUDY" has met with several women in the course of his life in whom this defect—generally considered a great blemish—constituted a decided attraction.

After all, beauty like family resemblance very frequently consists altogether in expression—and when eyes are intensely brilliant and alive to feeling, and the pupils are large, it is very difficult to determine whether they are blue, iron-gray, or hazel, or chestnut. A light blue and a gray eye, under the effects of passion, often become violet or brown through consequent injection of blood.

Ethnologists aver that the black or hazel eye is crowding out the blue. This is no improvement, for variety is charming. Each color has its excellences. There is a fierce fire in the dark eye which is most fitting in the man, and there is a softness in the blue eye which is most becoming in the woman. They are almost indistinguishable under the dominion of passion, for they are *alight*, and light has no color, it is simple effulgence.\*

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\* The breast of a dead humming-bird presents no indications to the eye of the superb variety of color which it reveals flitting from flower to flower, in the sunbeams. Apply the microscope and at once the cause of such splendor is revealed. Each feather is a prism and each ray of light, caught in every one of these, becomes transmuted into the varied brilliancy of the richest jewels. Light is life! Fire was the emblem of the unknowable. *Agni*, light, the Aryan idea of the most proper symbol of the Deity, gradually transmuted through centuries of change in language and thought into *Agnus*, a lamb, became the emblem of divine-human perfection. Colors are words. All ideas have been

Was Mary indeed a beautiful woman? Beautiful? This suggests a Greek statue, cold. Beautiful? This again gives rise to a question which involves a never-ending controversy. From Cleopatra to Mary, Queen of Scots, through Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, down to the Empress Eugénie, men have debated as to what constitutes perfect female beauty. There have been some who have dared to question the surpassing beauty of the "Serpent of the Nile." No two portraits agree as to Mary Stuart. If the verses of Sir Henry Wotton are worthy of moderate credence, the daughter of James I. was the paragon of her sex. Christian of Brunswick lived, toiled, fought and died in the belief. Her portrait does not endorse the fond delusion. Many reject the superlatives of praise lavished upon the French Empress, Eugenie, whose bigotry certainly brought about the ruin of the second French Empire. The sleek, supple, active, enduring grace of Mary has suggested the comparison of the Queen of Scots to a panther. Among animals the panther is certainly a type of lithe grace, with, however, a drawback. It involves feline beauty, most expressive, but not flattering to a human being, especially\* a woman, because with physical charms is connected the idea of superlative cunning and cruelty. There remains but one appropriate feminine adjective, Lovely! Was

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subject to the same transmutations. Words are the most deceptive of things. "Words," said Dr. Johnson, "are the daughters of earth, but deeds (facts) are the sons of Heaven."

this applicable to our heroine? Yes! superlatively so! Yes! Likeness IS often only in expression. Loveliness almost invariably so. It is an outcome of the soul. Edmond About, in describing his "Madelon," another form of Mary, does not accord to her a single regular feature, and yet she won the heart of every man on whom she cast her glamour. A contemporary speaking of a *lionne* in Paris, remarks: "Isabel is a foreign flower, a production of the Western Continent, but whether from the great Republic of the North or from one of the little Republics of the South I shall not be precise. Is she pretty? That is a question never positively answered. At first sight, you would say not a bit; after a half-hour's acquaintance, most people pronounce her "adorable." Adorable, indeed, was Mary Stuart. There are some women who possess an indescribable charm which blinds any observer to every defect, and invests them with an atmosphere which exerts a magic influence on all who inhale it. There is a flower in the tropics the aspect of which magnetizes. Approach it, bend over it in admiration, breathe in its fragrance, and a stranger unacquainted with its properties is bewildered. Let him withdraw, if possible, or he is stupified, powerless. Certain females have the same quality. Permit them to exert their incomprehensible wiles and their victims are enmeshed, body and mind. They actually possess the powers attributed to Wilis, Loreleys and Nixes, except that these belong to another

element. Do not venture to the shore or in a boat and the susceptible are safe, whereas human Wilis are dangerous, not only upon the water but on *terra firma*.

Such a one was queenly Mary, who, when she was carried away by her love for Bothwell, had attained that second phase of loveliness when the mind, resplendent through the compassing tabernacle, shines out like a lamp through a delicately tintured vase; when the charms of youth are renewed by others more glorious, because they are the children of experience, cultivation and thought.

This is all that needs be said about her age or appearance, except that, later in life, she was rather inclined to *embonpoint*, but only sufficiently so to round out her figure and render it more stately, without detracting from ease or flexibility.

Greene (II. vi. 330-1) says of her: "Her beauty, her exquisite grace of manner, her generosity of temper [at times] and warmth of affection [when not crossed], her frankness of speech [when excited], her sensibility, her gaiety, her womanly tears, her man-like courage, the play and freedom of her nature, *the flashes of poetry that broke from her at every intense moment of her life* [mark this in connection with the "Silver-Casket" letters and sonnets], flung a spell over friend or foe which has only deepened with the lapse of years."

"The rough Scotch nobles owned that there was in Mary some enchantment whereby men are bewitched."

And yet "Elizabeth's lying paled indeed before the *cool duplicity* of this girl of nineteen." She was a mistress of "*dissimulation*." Only a few months had passed since her wedding day when men saw she "*hated* the King [Darnley]," while luring him to his doom. "*Your actions*," wrote Elizabeth [truly], in a break of fierce candor, "are as full of venom as your words are of honey." With what justice Dargaud sums up her character, thus: "Mary Stuart, so passionate and so brilliant, pagan by nature, [Roman] Catholic by education and policy, poet, scholar, princess, woman, was imbued with all the instincts of her times and represents them in all their facets [or phases], shining or sinister." Philip II. "expressed considerable doubt whether she had any religion at all." "She possessed a grand but inquiet mind," adds [the just and upright French ambassador] Michel de Castelnau. She sought distraction in every indulgence of her will and nature, and she found it—physical in Darnley, passionate in Bothwell, and the final inevitable result of such a life in a violent death. She was "chiefly interested in herself;" her "most ardent admirer will not claim for her a character of piety, in any sense of the word which connects it with the moral law." She was "fearless," and, until broken down by disease and captivity, she knew none of the restraints which impose their fetters upon her sex, since she possessed a health and endurance such as might excite the envy of the hardiest men of her generation and associations. The

explanation of all Mary's misfortunes lay in her utter selfishness. From time to time and for short periods, her passions conquered or neutralized this, but it speedily reasserted its sway. In the case of Bothwell, his, the stronger will gradually overcame the relative weaker resistive force of Mary. This reversal of conditions continued until with the certainty that Bothwell, as an active factor, was eliminated from her life problem, egotism and self-indulgence reassumed its sceptre. Thus, one after another Mary, "spoilt beauty," "bonny and wilful, as a queen behoves to be," sacrificed noble, generous and devoted hearts, without pity to her egotism: finally Nemesis, weary of this, sacrificed her to her own heartlessness.

It is by no means an uncommon thing for men or women to be human paradoxes, and under different circumstances present such opposite phases of character that, unless long and closely intimate with them and cognizant of the motives under which they act or acted at various times, it would be impossible to recognize them as one and the same mortal.

Mary was one of these, and while friends who did not suffer through her became utter partisans, opponents who did become just as earnestly the contrary. The Roman Catholic Church exalts her into sanctity, and justly, from their point of view, since her devotion to it was unlimited, except for a brief period while fiercely and fully carried away by her affection for Bothwell—and

she certainly did die for it; but then her interests and her ambition were identical with its supremacy. On the other hand, Protestants, as a rule, can find no excuse for her actions, and take the ground that, as she never was idle in sowing the wind, she had no right to complain when she inevitably reaped the whirlwind. That her execution was the salvation of the Reformation is generally admitted by even Romanist and French authors—her own people, so to speak, for she was Gallie rather than Gaelie. In any event she was an obstacle,\* and as such had to be removed, and Destiny, Fate or Providence does not hesitate at destroying antagonisms when the time has arrived and the result has to be achieved. Such is the inexorable law of the terrible inevitable.

If experience and observation had never taught the bitter lesson, it might even yet be impossible to comprehend the character of Mary. But they have, and the result is, she suggests a simile which has often been made but not applied to an individual. Mary may be compared to a sheltered valley in Iceland, which in late spring and early summer—she never entered upon the autumn of life—is richly green and thickly sown with delicate and beautiful flowers. Beneath, and only a few inches below the surface, the soil is cold with an eternal frost. Still deeper, volcanic agencies are ever at work, and in their throes pour

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\* Rev. James Smith's "*The Coming Man*," London, 1873. "Hand-writing on the Wall of England," II., page 330-2, &c.

forth scalding streams and incandescent masses. The geyser spouts in the midst of the meadow, and the volcano, asleep at one moment, may at the next burn up everything with a belch or vomit of lava; or—to present the same idea somewhat differently—exteriorly she resembled that brief display of summer bloom which often astonishes visitors to the Arctic regions, most beautiful and attractive as developed on the thin thawed surface, beneath which lies a stratum of eternal frost, and still deeper subterranean fires, ever active, pulsating with a violence frequently exhibited in outbursts worthy of kindred powers in the tropics.

Scotland, during her reign, in the coarseness of manners and lack of refinement which permeated all classes, in the mode of living and tone of thought, resembled—in comparison to France, where Mary was brought up,—positively resembled a cavern of chilliness and darkness. The dense fog that prevailed when Mary reached Leith was a type of the state of the country and her gloomy future in it. Amid this darkness Mary shone with peculiar brilliancy, just as a figure coated with illuminating pigment glows with startling phosphoric brightness in a room completely deprived of other light. The repulsiveness of the characteristics and manners of the Scottish high life which environed the queen obscured her defects, while by contrast it revealed and intensified her attractions: just as the effigy above mentioned covered with chemical color that appears nothing but plain lustreless white—Mary, it will be remembered,



was styled "the White Queen,"—in the daylight, shines in a dark room with marvellous effulgence. Scotland was indeed a land of darkness as to morality and elegance; and Mary's fascination against such a dark back-ground made her a figure of light—a realization of Chastelard's poetic ideas and Brantome's enthusiastic devotion.

Conceding what is claimed, Mary—who perished before she had scarcely attained the maturity of life (forty-five)—was yet in the full flower of her beauty (twenty-six) when she entered upon her captivity of nineteen years. The whole of her independent action was over before she was twenty-five, when as yet she had not lost a single one of those ideal or real charms the possession of which have made her in some respects pre-eminent among women—the synonym of feminine fascination. Outwardly, to the eye, to whatever cause it was due, she was most loveable or lovely. Inwardly, mentally, she was cold and insensible as ice, desperately unfeeling, except where her interests were concerned; playing with the hearts of men—alluring men through their best affections, using them for her purposes or amusement. But beneath this intermediate corslet of apparent or real insensibility, there were fierce passions ever ready to awaken to unrestrainable influences, ruinous to herself eventually, but almost invariably destructive, meanwhile, to those who were exposed to their irresistible blandishment or sorcery. Is it wonderful that the Puritans, considering her succession of lovers and their woeful ends,

whether she was criminal or not, in the light of results and the twilight of motives, styled her the "Jezebel of the North—a queenly, imperious, magnificent, but wicked or selfish woman?"

Chalmers, who wrote a life of Mary which is neither more nor less than a eulogy and an apology, actually begins it with a remark which in itself expresses the remote causes—as explained more at length in the preceding chapter—which led to such sad consequences in Mary. "James V., her father," says this writer, "after a thousand amours which were as discreditable to himself as injurious to his family, and dangerous to his kingdom, married in May, 1557, Magdalene of France, the sickly daughter of Francis I. She only survived her arrival in Scotland forty days of weakness." His second wife, the mother of Mary, was Mary of Lorraine, eldest daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise. Whether this second wife did or did not justify the expression of Ezekiel xvi., 44—"As is the mother, so is her daughter,"—Margaret, her grandmother, wife of James IV., did. The family of the Guises were not likely to transmit qualities which would fruit otherwise than in intolerance, selfishness and incontinence. Mignet—"Member of the French Academy," and "Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Science"), who also wrote a life of Mary, (I., 39)—observes: "Francis I. (grandfather of Mary's first husband), in his unblushing licentiousness, prided himself on training the ladies who arrived

at his Court. His second in this work of debauchery and corruption was Mary Stuart's uncle, the opulent and libertine Cardinal of Lorraine. "To this," Brantome adds, "I have heard it related that when some pretty girl or new dame who was handsome arrived at the Court, he (the Cardinal) came at once to make up to her, and, arguing the case, said that he wished to train her with his own hand. What a trainer! \* \* \* It was also said at that time that there were scarcely any dames or girls residing at the Court, or freshly arrived, who were not debauched or captured by the desire or munificence of the said M. le Cardinal; and few or none of them left this Court virtuous women or girls." Henry II., father-in-law of Mary, set a scarcely less dangerous example. Diana of Poitiers, his mistress, more powerful than his queen, is said to have been previously the mistress of Francis I., and passed from his arms to those of his son.

The atmosphere of a court in which honest women were almost as scarce as the rarest diamonds, rubies and sapphires, which are exceptional and marvellous—a court ruled by successive mistresses who actually overshadowed the queens, must have been fearful in its pestiferous effects upon characteristics inherited direct from a grandmother like Margaret of Lancaster, a paternal ancestry like the Stuarts, a father like James V. and the maternal house of Guise.

Mary is no myth, neither is she what Wordsworth said

of “a cataract seen a mile off, that it was frozen by distance.” She is alive to-day—as living in the hearts of many—as when in person she moved before the admiring eyes of France, Scotland, England—indeed, of all Western Europe.

Forty years of the study of the Bible, collating, tracing words back to their original meaning, and comparison of texts in different languages, has led to the definite conclusion that it is the most marvellous exposition of common sense, as well as of inspiration, that humanity possesses. Criticize and eliminate who will, enough remains which carries with it irrefragible demonstration of truth sufficient for every purpose for which it was inspired or designed. This remark may seem to be a divergence from the subject of Mary, Queen of Scots, but a little reflection will demonstrate that it is not so. The Scriptures are the most reliable records, historical and political, that we possess of ages long since elapsed, and are also perfect expositions of the mode and intensity of thought which ruled and influenced thousands of years ago. Moses was a type. A David has reigned elsewhere than in Jewry. A Solomon has sat on other thrones than that in Jerusalem. There is scarcely a prominent character represented in the Scriptures which has not been reproduced in modern times. Many a Pontius Pilate has sacrificed the innocent to his own political stability. Gallios have “cared for none of these things” because they did not affect their individual

interests. Many an Ahitophel has gone home and hanged or otherwise destroyed himself to escape the catastrophe which he knew to be impending through a disregard of his sagacious counsels; and many a Festus has "left [a] Paul bound" to pander to the prejudices of the populace or even to win its suffrages.

The conflict between Elijah and Ahab was simply a type of the struggle for religious reform and political authority which had occurred in England and elsewhere, and was taking place in Scotland, under the lead of the fearless John Knox, when Mary of Guise was Regent, and after Mary Stuart returned from France to assume her throne. Consequently every allowance must be made for the bitterness with which the Queen attempted to maintain or restore her own Creed, and the efforts of the other party to counteract it. This bitterness, nay, spite, tinctures every opinion for, or against, Mary. Therefore an impartial examiner must weigh every piece of evidence derived from either source with the greatest nicety. Above and below this, however, there are public and private documents, written with no expectation of ever being brought into the court of history, which cannot be disregarded. Such are the letters of Mary herself, of ambassadors, councillors, men of note. Sometimes a single sentence clears up a doubtful point. The weight of all this evidence is against Mary. Far more important still are uncontroverted facts. Lover after lover comes to a dismal end. It is the same

way with husbands. Her passions or her weaknesses were the causes of a series of the saddest results—immolations.

Mary must have been surrounded by an atmosphere which deceived men and led them to do what they would not have dared to hope, or to attempt, to do if she had not held out lures to them.

The “good” (or honest) Schiller—as Michelet conscientiously styles him—while strongly inclined to take sides with Mary and make the most of her case, nevertheless brings out, in the clearest light, certain features in her character which condemn her in spite of his manifest partisanship. If she had not been a siren no man could have made her so; if she had not been false at heart, neither Darnley nor Elizabeth could have made her so. Being what she was by nature and blood, through education, early association and religious training, she could scarcely—with her inclinations to intrigue in every line and degree, and with every objective—have been other than what she was.

Read carefully and reflect upon his “Marie Stuart,” and judge what must have lain at the bottom of Schiller’s judgment in developing scene after scene of his truly grand tragedy. Every one who undertook to champion Mary was fired with a wild hope of ultimately possessing her. Even Schiller, who wrote his great drama to glorify her, represents the young Mortimer as exhibiting the fiercest passion for her, when about to peril everything for her

deliverance. Thus the greatest German poet puts on her lips words which serve as the most powerful electric light to illuminate the idea which lies at the basis of this "STUDY," that it was the physical attractiveness of Mary, "a lusty princess," and its direct appeal to the senses which led victim after victim to steps descending to destruction.

"Mary," says Bayle (VII., 716), "has been compared with Jane I. [or Joanna], Queen of Naples." Louis, King of Hungary, made the following shocking answer to Jane :

"The dissolute life thou hast led, the government of the Kingdom which thou hast kept in thy hands, thy neglecting to revenge thy husband's death on those who murdered him ; thy marrying immediately a second husband, the excuse which thou hast sent to me since ; these are all plain proofs that thou wast concerned, and an accomplice in the murder of thy husband."

How far does this comparison hold good? Mary, carried away by a fierce flood of passion, first secretly, and about three months afterwards publicly married Darnley altogether for his goodly person and accomplishments. He was destitute of mental gifts—a mere gaudy butterfly. Undoubtedly he was a man of whom a woman of ability would soon tire. His participation in the murder of Mary's favorite Italian musician and secretary, Rizzio, filled the cup of her indignation, satiety, disgust and contempt.

Darnley perished. Whether Mary was an active or passive agent in his murder, Bothwell was. In a few days

over three months Bothwell was elevated to the highest dignities and became her husband; and she was only torn from his arms by superior military force. Their parting was tender. Her only thought at the crisis seemed to be for his safety; and it is said that the fruit of this short marital relation was a daughter, who disappeared, swallowed up in a French convent.

Scarcely three months had elapsed after the murder of Darnley, before Mary was remarried to Bothwell. "The funeral-baked meats (literally, not merely poetically) coldly furnished forth the marriage tables." This may seem horrible, and, indeed, it would be so under ordinary circumstances. And yet the apparently inexplicable may be made comprehensible by a careful consideration of the occurrences. The life of Mary hitherto had been rather one of positive suffering than of relative happiness. The miserably sickly husband of her youth and superb blossoming had died after nineteen months of a prolonged exhaustive honeymoon, throughout which the wife had been little better than a nurse or governess. The interval between the death of Francis and the espousals with Darnley was certainly one of trial of heart, mind, and even body. Mary expected to find in her again-young husband, a solace and a support. He proved to be neither. His youthful vigor, his fine person and good looks were masks that concealed a vile disposition and an insane ambition, and his ungrateful efforts to obtain the crown-matrimonial,



with an authority equal, if not superior, to that of Mary, were characterized by exhibitions and efforts that prove him to have been devoid of any manliness and every other quality which might have measurably redeemed his want of intelligence and base ingratitude. He assassinated the affection which his outside attractions had aroused and stimulated in an even greater degree when, after planning, he assisted in the dastardly murder of the unhappy Rizzio. Mary, who to feminine graces united masculine courage and energy, saw in Bothwell the qualities which constitute a real MAN. He had befriended her, sustained her, championed her; he was fearless, devoted—in a word, a rough but resolute Scottish lord, and also a bold Scottish MAN; far better and in no wise worse than his peers in rank—yes, better than every one but Murray, who is lauded to the skies and was anything but an example, except as among the villains with whom he had to consort and work. Her best affections had been crushed in upon herself by the adverse circumstances of her position and the meannesses of Darnley. They had been chilled by an utter absence of the sympathy, in all save Bothwell, which she so greatly needed—a sympathy necessary to bring out and develop aught that was loving and loveable in her nature. When freed from such a mate as Darnley, her affections, suddenly relieved from the terrible constriction of the tie that bound her to such an uncongenial creature; her very capabilities of feeling, stretched themselves out as a

vine planted in the darkness of a vault grows towards the crevice through which filters a single ray of light; and, then, when her arms thus expanded to the warmth, and comfort, and confidence of a new hope, a new faith, a new love—when her arms and hands, outstretchd, met each other again, beseechingly, in a fond embrace—those beautiful, soft, white, rounded arms and the hands that betrayed her at Lochleven—they enclosed—Bothwell.

Or, when, crushed in her affections and her spirits, she opened wide her arms for sympathy, support and love, and the expanded fingers which were symmetry itself drew together and clasped each other again, about the columnar support she so greatly needed and for which she yearned, they locked within the magic circle—the stalwart Bothwell. She must have felt with Grace Frere: “Ah! to be well-loved must be paradise to a true heart.”

Mary, wrenched by irresistible force from the only real love of her career—Bothwell—was immured in Lochleven Castle. Burton observes that the old ruined walls of this fortalice make no reliable revelations except that George Douglas, the son of her custodian, Sir William, undertook her deliverance. The English Ambassador reported that the reward, if George succeeded, was to be the hand of Mary. Such were the wild hopes of the young man. Is it likely that any nobleman would have jeopardized life, fortune, the ties of family, very warm and strong at this time and especially so in Scotland, without great cause for

determined and persistent championship? Still it does not follow that Mary, with Bothwell in her heart of hearts, did more than mislead one ready and willing, through infatuation, to be misled. When "the little Douglas," not yet of age, in turn succumbed to the fascination of the Queen and did achieve her escape, the first man to receive her when she touched the mainland was George Douglas. He was with her in arms and in the midst of the hereditary foes of his blood at Langside, and did not leave her side until she abandoned Scotland, and only then because he was not allowed to follow her.

A fugitive from crown and country, and confided to the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury, Michelet insinuates that even this aged nobleman, past the prime of life, was ensnared by her. It is not only certain that his Countess became the prey of the most violent and fierce jealousy, but equally so that this jealousy was baseless. She was compelled to humbly recall her charges against Mary and the Earl; but still, the latter was undeniably interested in his prisoner to the last. Next in the series appears the Duke of Norfolk. The lure of Mary's hand made him a traitor to his own sovereign, and consigned him to the Tower and the block. How bitter his reflections upon Mary—equivalent to the idea that whoever yielded to her fascinations was lost—when the edge of the axe-blade was turned and directed towards him, in token of condemnation after his trial! The Earl of Arundel was her next victim,

and, if he did not lose his head, he lost his liberty and also his life in captivity through this espousal of the cause of the Scottish queen.

To look upon Mary was to love her, and to love her was to lose life—everything. “Skin for skin, what will a man not give for his life,” said Job. Men of mark and of means do not place their heads in the jaws of a lion for a woman, without inducement; but men, as a rule, where a marked woman is concerned, require very little to make fools of themselves.

Last in the fatal list looms up the young enthusiast, Babington. As a page in the little court of the Earl of Shrewsbury he had fallen into the same snare that had previously enmeshed so many. Michelet states that he, too, was led away by the vain expectation that if he delivered Mary he was to receive her hand. It is said that in the mouth of two or three witnesses the truth is established. In a career of thirty years, when so many estimable or manly men or men of mark perished in succession through the passion inspired by a woman, it is neither reasonable nor sensible to believe that the woman was not highly blamable. Actually criminal she may not have been, except in everything that concerned Bothwell. History may be in error when one or two are concerned, because a little fire often creates more smoke than a large one, but it is utterly impossible that it can be altogether astray when a beautiful, alluring, passionate, “lusty”

woman is the cause of such a long succession of catastrophes.

Perhaps there is nothing which arouses such lasting sympathy and extreme admiration as the exhibition of courage in meeting death and the inevitable. Mary's bravery at the supreme moment was magnificent. Not but that thousands of others, through patriotism, for religion, or to win the world's applause, have exhibited a like sublimity of heroism. Still, Mary was a woman, a Queen, a paragon of loveliness and grace, a captive, in the prime of life, and, according to the opinion of vast numbers, a martyr to her religious convictions. It is true that she held to a creed that, if the professor has a firm belief in it, makes the payment of "the last full measure of devotion" extremely or at least comparatively easy. The absolution of a pope, if a human being can put implicit faith in it, is a very comforting passport in the short journey from suffering to salvation. Mary had this; and it cannot be denied that never did a female in the prime of life pass from the light of day into the darkness of the grave with a grander exhibition of courage; not even the pure Jane Grey, the patriotic Charlotte Corday, or the "Widow Capet, the once adored Marie Antoinette.

In physical bravery Mary was apparently unsurpassed, especially in dying; but not more so than the convict, King, recently hung for murder, or rather sudden homicide, in the New York State prison at Clinton, in 1881. Never-

theless, she did not die more courageously, after all, than thousands of martyrs, Pagan, Protestant, political and patriotic, who have laid down their heads upon the block or given up the ghost amid the ghastlier horrors of the fagot and funeral pyre.

She did not die more finely than those of the Scottish leaders, who, again and again, engaged in a series of plots against a forgiving woman, "betrothed, betrayer and betrayed," who condoned their treasons more than once. They all received due recompense for their crimes. All these forsworn and unprincipled wretches went to their dread accounts like heroes. The Regent Murray lost his life through his fearlessness. Had he paid the slightest heed to repeated warnings he would have escaped the bullet of the assassin that took his life. He rode as gallantly to his doom as Mary walked to the headsman. Morton, unredeemed by any virtue but political sagacity, laid down his own head on the block like a very martyr. Kirkaldy of Grange ascended the scaffold with like calm intrepidity, and the subtle Lethington drank the fatal draught with the serenity of a Cato. None escaped the grasp of the inexorable *lex talionis*. It is startling to learn how Mary and Bothwell were avenged, in turn, upon each and all who wronged them; but it is equally certain that when the iron law of compensation took effect, it was met with the courage and composure supposed to be the peculiar accompaniment of a clear conscience and a mind at peace with God and man, like

Wishart—Wishart delivered over to the flames of martyrdom by the father of Bothwell; a ruthless deed, fearfully avenged by Fate upon his son.

In conclusion, well may Michelet exclaim: “Knights of Mary Stuart (I speak above all to the good Schiller, dupe of his own heart to the point of writing his violent drama against his real convictions)—let us examine, I beg you, the true cause which has blinded, misled you to such a degree as to follow, as if you had no eyes, the most silly pamphlets of the Jesuits.

“Her trial or sentence was irregular! No, that is not the real cause why you are so carried away by passion. Very many other analogous proceedings have passed through your hands without enlisting your sympathies. State the fact as it is and do not blush. The real motive which stirs you up, which arouses every MAN, is because this [the victim] was a woman.

“Kill a woman! This in fact is a horrible thing, and this, it is, that excites indignation. The death of the most criminal [woman] seems a crime on the part of the law.

“I will not, however, enter upon an examination of what would have become of England if the Spanish invasion had found still living the dangerous creature who constituted the secret unity of the English-Roman-Catholic party, its bond with the Guises, with all the conspiracies of the continent. How many women, however, then, how many thousands of English women would have experienced

worse than death in consequence of the [spared] life of this [one] woman.

“I prefer, putting this last consideration aside, to repeat that which I have said elsewhere—more forcibly than every other writer—in my French Revolution, Vol. VII. : ‘Against women there exists no real means of repression. They are often guilty; they are morally responsible; and, nevertheless, strange fact, *they are not punishable*. Woe to the government which exhibits them on the scaffold; it is never excused. Whoever strikes them strikes himself; whoever punishes them punishes himself. They belong to the world for whom there is nothing but mercy; the law has no power over them.’”

“Elizabeth felt this most cruelly, profoundly. \* \* She saw clearly that this death, just or not, would pursue her throughout the future. She comprehended that the odious act which wrenched peril away from her would save England, but would lose her forever in the hearts of men.”

Froude, overwhelmed with abuse by the partisans of Mary for his presentation of her, at best, dubious career, concludes it (Chap. XXXIV., Vol. XII.) with a paragraph which is a perfect reply and justification, that sums up the case better than it has ever been done anywhere, by any one else.

“Who now doubts,” asks an eloquent modern [anonymous?] writer, “that it would have been wiser in Elizabeth to spare her [Mary’s] life?”



To this query Froude replies: "Rather, the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified. It cut away the only interest on which the Scotch and English Catholics could possibly have combined. It determined Philip upon the undisguised pursuit of the English throne, and it enlisted against him and his projects the passionate patriotism of the English nobility, who refused to be tempted, even by their creed, to betray the independence of their country. At once and forever it destroyed the hope that the Spanish Armada would find a party to welcome it. The entire Catholic organization, as directed against England, was smitten with paralysis; and the Queen found herself, when the invader arrived at last, supported by the loyal enthusiasm of an undivided nation."





## Bothwell.

### JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL.

*An Usher.*—"Make way there for the lord of Bothwell; room—  
Place for my lord of BOTHWELL next the Queen."

SWINBURNE'S "*Chastelard*," last lines.

*Queen* [Mary].— "Who went there?  
What, hear you not?"

*Mary Seyton.*—"My lord of Bothwell's foot;  
His tread rings iron, as to battleward."

*Queen.*—"By heaven, I have no heart for any on earth,  
Any man else, nor any matter of man's,  
But love of one man; nay, and never had.

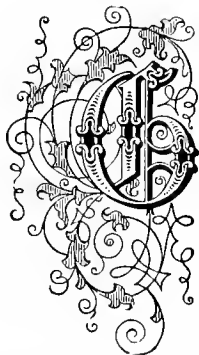
I have loved no man, man never hath had me whole,  
I am virgin toward you: O my love, love, love!"

—"Ah God, that we were set

Far out to sea alone by storm and night  
To drive together on one end, and know  
If life or death would give us good or ill  
And night or day receive, and heaven or earth  
Forget us or remember!"

"Here is the end."

SWINBURNE'S "*Bothwell*."



GENERAL history and general report—

"a common liar"—are, as a rule, hard  
as a flint in judging independent men,  
men of great individuality, who will  
not doff their caps to win the world's  
applause, and who, like steamers, first  
rates, cleave on their way, through the

opposing mountain seas, by their own mass (inherent force)

or vast momentum (iron will) and safely come to port, unless they shatter on a hidden rock, imperceptible to their sight or unrevealed by charts—charts drawn by experience, education and foresight upon the tablets of the brain.

We have no picture or description of JAMES HEPBURN, EARL OF BOTHWELL—OR as he wrote his name, JAMES, ERLE BOITHUILLE—drawn or written by a friendly hand. The idea of him is, as a rule, derived from English statesmen, diplomatists, or historians, all of whom blacken his character on account of his antagonism to England and its interests, his patriotism and his thorough Scottish feeling. Murray is exalted at his expense because the former was the astute, supple, willing instrument of Elizabeth, and consequently the sly enemy of his half-sister Mary. His was “a mind in which diplomacy stifled every instinct of manhood, every chivalric spark of honor, loyalty, and good faith.” This is one picture; others exalt him almost into a saint. Such are the difficulties of weighing human judgment. Bothwell was impelled to his destruction by this wily tempter, the self-seeking Regent, who was devoid of the frank, natural manliness of Mary’s third and last husband of a month. Murray was the favorite of the clergy, who are evil cattle to provoke and invaluable friends if cunningly cultivated. Charles Martel preserved France from Mahometanism, but taxed the priesthood for the benefit of the troops which enabled him to triumph, and the

priests consigned the savior of Western Christendom to eternal fire and misrepresentation. The Puritans and their descendants wrote the history of the United States, and they arrogate to New England the origin of a greatness due far more to New York and Hollandish-Huguenot influence. Even so it was with Bothwell. The parties he opposed in policy and in arms have furnished the particulars of his story. The very endeavor to depreciate him is an evidence of enmity, for a man who was born so well, bore himself so bravely, and accomplished so greatly, could not have been an ordinary one; no common-place creation either as man or devil. As far as nobility, position and property go, he was born second to but one in Scotland. The day and month and even year of his birth are not accurately known. His best, if not his only real biographer, Schiern, says he was born in 1536 or 1537. If so he was five or six years older than Queen Mary. He came of a race remarkable for startling peculiarities, even among the Scottish nobility, each member of which seemed to unite in himself the strangest contradictions, good and bad. Cruelty and magnanimity, generosity and greed, sanctity and sacrilege, purity and profligacy, often actuated the same individual at different times and under different circumstances.

Bothwell was no exception to this rule. His habits—if his enemies are to be believed—would shock the outward decorum of the present hypercritical, hypocritical genera-

tion. Still his ideas of morality were better, not worse, than those of his compeers and his time. He was fond of women, but he did not soil himself as many, particularly as Darnley, even after his marriage with the Queen, undoubtedly and habitually did. He drank deep, but who, then, did not! He always kept himself sober for business and ready for action: his brain was always clear—a sagacious brain, as Mary's mother (the Regent), and Mary (the Queen), herself always found it when they needed support or his services were wanting.

Bothwell could not have been either disagreeable in appearance or deportment, as his unprincipled calumniators have tried to make it appear. If he had been so, Mary would not have cast her favoring glances upon him. Mary, brought up in a circle of the grandest and most polished men of the most goodly presence, was so susceptible of appearance that she married Darnley for his general comeliness. And here, by-the-by, is one of the strongest proofs that Bothwell must have had a manly figure, since Mary presented to him the rich wardrobe of the deceased Darnley, who was a tall and remarkably well-made man, and Bothwell at once put on and wore, and was at ease in, these clothes. Had he been “an ape in magnificent attire,” as the bitter Buchanan declared—a writer intensely hostile to Mary and all whom she favored—a woman of exquisite taste would have been disgusted with the contrast, whereas this was the very time when her passion manifested itself

with the greatest fervor. Honest Burton remarks that this expression "is no more to be taken as accurate than any other scolding objurgation." All the misrepresentations of Bothwell were in the same spirit as Hogarth's conceptions of Frenchmen, or the caricatures of Bonaparte during England's fiercest antagonism to her most bitter enemy. Flattery painted the portraits of Mary; envy, hatred, jealousy and vindictiveness those of Bothwell.\*

That the Bothwell best known, aspired to the hand of Mary Stuart, should not excite surprise when his antecedents are investigated. Burton clearly indicates the important influence of Bothwell upon the story of Mary (IV., 273): "With all her beauty and wit, her political ability and her countless fascinations, MARY, Queen of Scots, *would not have occupied nearly the half of her present place in the interest of mankind had the episode of Bothwell not belonged to her story.*" His grandfather, Lord Patrick Hepburn, of Hales, was created first Earl of Bothwell by James IV., grandfather of Mary Stuart, in 1481. This king, in addition, bestowed upon him the hereditary office of Lord High Admiral of Scotland, together with many other dignities, and extensive possessions. Adam, the second Earl, was slain in the battle of

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\* "I present no list of the authorities from which my facts are derived, but will merely say that the result of much study may be sometimes contained in the form given to a single sentence."—"Legend of Thomas Didymus," by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, 1881.

Flodden Field, 1511, in which the flower of the Scottish nobility were cut down at the same time with their King, James IV. Patrick, the third Earl, was known as the "Fair Earl," and bore the reputation of being the proudest and haughtiest man in all Scotland. James, the fourth Earl, was left a minor. He was brought up by his great-uncle, Patrick Hepburn, Bishop of Moray. Whatever other education he received, he certainly acquired French, and was instructed in mathematics and military matters. There are indications that he visited France while yet a youth. He was in his eighteenth or nineteenth year when his father, Patrick, died.

He was not of age when, in 1557, he was a member of the Scottish parliament; and in the same year he took part in the war with England. In 1558, he was appointed Lieutenant-General of the southerly Scottish frontier—Marches or Borders—and made a destructive raid upon the English. On the 29th of November, 1558, he was again member of Parliament in Edinburgh. His first military exploits were against England, and he showed himself an enemy to the English government and to the English party in Scotland from this time forward. This is sufficient to account for the misrepresentations of English writers who always found in him an able and determined opponent to the schemes of Elizabeth, who succeeded Mary Tudor as Queen of England, on the 17th of November, 1558. In 1559, Bothwell was particularly active against her agents and the foreign faction, and made power-

ful enemies whose unrelenting malice pursued him throughout life. This is sufficient to account for the misrepresentations of English writers, who always found in him an able and determined opponent to the schemes of Elizabeth.\*

In 1560 and 1561 he was on the Continent and in France and thus saw Mary at her loveliest. One of these meetings, at Joinville, is a matter of record. In August, 1561, Mary returned to Scotland, and Bothwell either accompanied her or soon followed, to find that she bore him ever favorably in mind.

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The peculiar relations of Mary to Bothwell rest mainly on the startling revelations of the rude but expressive verses, styled "Sonnets," and the fervent communications found in the "Casket," left behind him by Bothwell in Edinburgh Castle, in the custody of Balfour, the Governor, his appointee. Whether or not he betrayed his patron, the Earl, and the Queen, is not clearly shown; but the party to whom he entrusted the casket was intercepted, and thus it came into the hands of the deadly enemies of the Royal Pair.

The contents of this famous "Silver Casket"—these ardent verses and these impassioned love-letters of Mary to Bothwell, have given rise to controversies even more pas-

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\* When this "STUDY" was begun it was intended to embrace a complete, detailed exhibit of the career of Bothwell; but, having already far exceeded the limits proposed, it breaks off here, abruptly, leaving the reader to pick out the narrative of what succeeded this, from the "Study" itself.



sionate. These documents—of which the originals disappeared shortly after their production as evidence—were declared to be “inventions” by all the legal advocates, so to speak, and devoted champions of Mary. Chalmers, Tytler, Whithaker, Goodall, Lingard and Prince Labanoff, besides other writers of lesser note, have pronounced them forgeries, totally unreliable. On the other hand, the three great historians of France, England and Scotland, De Thou, Hume and Robertson, considered them authentic. This trio of massive intellects do not stand alone in their judgment. Their opinion is indorsed by Sharon Turner, Hallam, Malcolm, Laing, Raumer, Philarete Chasles—the humorous, the eloquent, and the spiritual professor, Dargaud, and finally M. Mignet, who, in a series of excellent articles, knew how to temper, by the most prudent reserve, an able, curious and learned criticism. Buchanan would be the most trustworthy witness on this subject, because he was a contemporary, if he had not shown a bitterness, almost fiendish, that demonstrates his unreasonable prejudice and fierce partisanship. The Regent, Murray, half-brother to the Queen, displayed, occasionally, qualities that did honor to his times, and even to a period beyond them. He was not utterly bad, and, it is claimed, “he kept away from scenes of tumult and bloodshed, which vexed his righteous soul, and taught him to despise his bretheren of the Scots aristocracy as a band of ferocious barbarians.” His character was good for his era and associations. Is it likely—if this

be only half true—that such a man, occupying such a position as he did, would have brought forward evidence like that found in the “silver casket” against his own father’s child, if he had not believed it to be reliable? The oft-cited lines of rude poetry—the “Sonnets”—accompanying the letters in question, contain allusions so coherent with actual occurrences, that honest criticism cannot reject them; and as these were brought forward with the letters and the whole are conceived in the same spirit, the entire burden of disproof rests upon the friends and advocates of Mary. Simple opinion on the part of these carries with it little or no weight, because the counter testimony has the powerful support of consistency. While the career of the Queen may excite, in a generous and magnanimous mind, a sentiment of supreme pity which prompts it to make a mighty effort to lift her from the degradation into which so many seek to plunge her, it cannot clear her from the consequences of her passion for Bothwell. This is what makes the remark of Hume, hereinafter quoted textually and emphasized, so terribly decisive against her.

All the special pleading, legal acumen, subtlety and oratory; all the casuistry and blind enthusiasm of partisanship; all the efforts of logic and creed, cannot overthrow the authenticity of the “Silver Casket Letters and Sonnets.” James VI., meanest of men in many things, sought, after his obtaining of the English throne, to do everything to cleanse his tarnished reputation as a son and sovereign.

He razed Fotheringay Castle and he destroyed every original document or indication which attainted his origin or avouched his cowardice. Thus the originals of these letters disappeared from the eyes of men; but neither he nor his emulators or imitators can annihilate the indestructible effect of concurrent circumstances that renders their authenticity so apparent. No human brain, however wickedly inclined, could have conceived such a flawless, endless chain of testimony. It is inherent, and Mary's life, Mary's acts, and Mary's peculiar line of thought, stamp them as hers as indelibly as the brand upon the Stuart race determined that each in succession should terminate his or her career by a catastrophe, the assassin's knife, a broken heart, the headsman's axe, the bitter bread of exile, or, worse than all, the disgrace which attaches to an individual who is destitute of the attributes of true manhood.

In a word, the "Casket Letters and Sonnets" or "Verses" cannot be inventions or forgeries. They are too natural, too consistent with themselves and with each other, and with patent facts, and with the workings of the human heart. That Mary was their author is corroborated by circumstantial evidence as irresistible as direct proof. Inventions, that is *discoveries*—in the primitive sense of the Latin original word used by the writers of Mary's time—they truly were, for they were *found* in the "Silver Casket;" but "inventions," in the sense of *forgeries*—which is an English perversion of the radical meaning—

they just as certainly were not. They are exactly such as might be written at this time by a passionate woman; indeed, they contain expressions, manifestations of the struggle of the better angel with the demon of passion, which find utterance every day. Many of the sentences are such as the pen of an enamored and cultured woman sends to the man who has won her entire heart, and whose affections she fears to lose; torturing herself with a groundless fear of forfeiting his regard.

Scarcely a single one of the champions for, or against, the conclusive Casket correspondence seems to have enlisted common-sense in forming an opinion or pointing a criticism. Raumer, notwithstanding his German phlegm, has a paragraph in regard to these letters which carries conviction with it: "Lingard thinks it foolish that Mary, who had spoken to Bothwell in the evening, and might speak to him again in the morning, should, instead of going quietly to sleep, have sat down to write him a letter 'of no consequence.' *This objection proves nothing, unless it be that Dr. Lingard never was in love.*"

As human nature was and is—while the nature of women remains unchanged—there is nothing in the passion of Mary Stuart for Bothwell that should excite astonishment or even surprise. In letters which her warmest admirers admit that she did write, she explains why she reposed such faith in Bothwell. He was a master spirit in the land; and when she found staff after staff on which she

leaned splinter and wound the hand that grasped it, is it wonderful that she clung to him with all the force of which she was capable—and no one can deny to her the possession of tremendous force of will when once it was fully aroused.

Amid all the obloquy that has been heaped upon the mighty Earl, the fact remains unshakable that he was a power who overtopped the powerful around him. He was acclimated to broil and battle; as Saul said of Goliath, “he [had been] a man of war from his youth”—nay, boyhood, for he had “worn steel since he was twelve years old.” He could “drain a deeper cup, back a wilder horse,” “ride it like a whirlwind, and couch a heavier spear than the rudest of his jackmen” (border or moss-troopers); possessed a fine stalwart person, divested of superfluous flesh, “built more like a tower than a man;” great strength and military bearing—exercising a fascination over his savage hereditary liegemen that won while it controlled them. His features were manly—bronzed by exposure to the changing vicissitudes of his native climate—and his determined mouth was concealed beneath long drooping moustachios, that mingled with his fair curling beard. No wonder that Mary looked upon him with favor, for she had agreeable recollections of his respectful homage when she first wore the white robes of queenly widowhood; and after her return to Scotland, still found his loyalty so

lofty and unchangeable that "it seemed to partake of that devotion which shed a halo over the days of chivalry."

One of the epithets hurled at him by those who hated and feared him, is the stigma that he was "one-eyed." But the same epithet is applicable to Hannibal, perhaps the greatest individual, not a king, who ever trod this planet, and to Potemkin, the mighty Russian potentate, who never lost the heart of the Empress Catherine II. nor his control of her empire. What is more to the point, if he had lost the sight of an eye in combat, by sea or land, the orb itself was uninjured, and it has been observed that the scar on his forehead, which was the only visible vestige of the injury, "became his face as it would have become none other." Men are not always disfigured by such casualties; and it is well known that Marie Louise, daughter of imperial Austria, willingly exchanged the embraces of the Emperor Napoleon for those of Count Niepperg, an extraordinarily handsome officer, although he had lost an eye in battle.

Bothwell, like Mary, was a being entirely out of the common run. His appearance was no index to his age. He was one of those, so completely imbued with vitality, that years pass over them and leave none of the traces which stamp, season after season, their impress on ordinary men, or sear them deeply, as the glaciers furrow the rocks over which they glide, grinding on age by age, leaving channels that remain indelible after the superincumbent ice has

melted away. There may have been silver mingled with his darker locks, but this was not the result of time but of thought; just as in the days of plate armor a soldier could be recognized by fringes of gray where the helmet had pressed most closely and persistently, while everywhere else the original color held its own. He was a curious conmingling of the self possession that results from deep thought and severe discipline of mind and body in war, politics and courts, and the mobility which is inseparable from an original nervous temperament, while as yet the frame has not known sufficient rest to take on superfluous flesh. If Michael Angelo's "*Penseroso*" could have been transmuted from bronze into flesh,\* the effigy would have lived in such a one as Bothwell.

It is as difficult to decide what constitutes the handsome in man as in woman. Figure has as much to do with it as face, but whenever the latter indicates mind and manliness and is susceptible of illumination, it cannot be other-

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\* A short divergence is pardonable at this point. The "*Penseroso*" (the "Thoughtful One," or the "Thinker"), or *Il Pensiero* (the "Thought"), of the great Florentine sculptor, does not represent Lorenzo da Medicis the furious soldier, who combined all the vices and very few of the virtues of the Italian prince and general of his day—who was rotten to the core before he was mature—but his moderate, religious, deeply-reflecting uncle, Giuliano, who was absolutely and truly a "Thinker," as was evinced in his "Treatise on Suicide." The other statue of the pair with bare head, sitting erect, looking out with a fierce gaze, with short, crisp, curling hair, one hand grasping the truncheon of command, is indeed a fitting memorial of the cruel, sinful, sensuous, sensual Lorenzo.

wise than handsome. It matters not the color of the eye for effect, in the excitement of passion the light eye often becomes dark; and there are hazel eyes which when they scintillate or burn have no color; they are simply living fires—brown diamonds of the clearest and intensest lustre.

Contemporaries attributed the domination exercised by Bothwell over Mary to necromancy; but the best answer to such a charge is that made by the unfortunate Leonora Galigai, daughter of the nurse of Mary de Medicis, and widow of the assassinated Concino Concini, Marshal d'Ancre, when accused of similar powers over the Florentine queen of Henry IV. of France. She replied, "My arts were simply the superiority of a strong mind over a weak one." Her exact words were these: "*Mon charme fut celui de l'esprit sur la bêtise.*" ("My charm [or magic] was the ascendancy of mind over inferior intelligence.") And, as regarded Bothwell, Mary Stuart was weak, however strong in other cases. While so many writers have sought to degrade and even to caricature Bothwell, there is one (Dargaud), if no more, who seeks to do him justice without sacrificing truth.

Bothwell was a gentleman of ancient race. He had the manners of a great lord, and the haughtiness of feudal authority. His resolute features never blushed. His eyes were beautiful, although one had been deprived of vision; and he was far from being disfigured by the accident which had occurred in his early adventurous maritime (?) career;



indeed, the defect of his sight was hardly perceptible. His voice, which had a genuine manly ring, was susceptible of the gentlest inflections. His mouth expressed his feeling of superiority. He had a marked nose and a patrician physiognomy, and his fascinating look resembled that of a bird of prey. This martial visage, this noble and easy figure, this soul without scruples, this mind full of audacity, ambition and arrogance—wicked—seduced Mary and carried her away. To this must be added the attest of Sir Walter Scott, as to “the bold address and courtly manners of Bothwell.”\*

“All these ‘gifts of hell’ were relieved by a lofty demeanor and by an air that seemed to defy fortune, danger and adversity.” Alas! Whence came “these gifts of hell?” In all things Bothwell was more sinned against than sinning, according to the touchstone and measuring rod of his times. It is said that Bothwell was in love with Mary from the first moment that he beheld

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\* “Of all the border nobles,” says Greene (II., vi., 362), “James Hepburn, the Earl of Bothwell, was the holdest and most unscrupulous. But, Protestant as he was, he had never swerved from the side of the Crown; he had supported the Regent, and crossed the seas to pledge as firm a support to Mary, and his loyalty and daring alike appealed to the young Queen’s heart.” This elegant author adds a remark, that Mary’s passion for him touched him little, except that it stirred up his ambition. This justifies the presumption that it was Mary who was desperately in love with the Earl; and he, to awaken such a passion, must have been a man who appealed not only to her senses by his gallant appearance, but also through his innate gallantry.

his "*Reine Blanche*" in the Park of Fontainebleau, as early as 1560, and that he welcomed her home with a loyalty as pure as his devotion was strong. His captivity in Edinburgh Castle, by the warrant of Mary, to gratify Murray and his party, is said to have changed the whole nature of Bothwell. He felt that he had suffered a grievous injustice from one to whom he had given heart and hand, or rather brand; and after his release he brooded over the wrong until his naturally violent temper overcame all gentler restraints. His temper had hitherto resembled a mountain lake, confined within bounds by artificial barriers. Thus dyked, it fed a swift and even beneficent stream; but, as soon as storm and flood had breached the bulwark, it poured forth a wild and unrestrainable torrent that wasted where it had formerly blessed. Bothwell was brave to a degree sufficient to encounter any peril. Still, it is true that, while he possessed the physical courage which triumphs triumphantly and succumbs without yielding, his end did not manifest the purest, the higher moral intrepidity inspired by fanaticism or love. If he had possessed either of these grander forms of courage, he could not have been induced to abandon the field at Carberry Hill without one desperate blow stricken for the trusting woman who loved him so intensely. Nor would he have lingered out so long in a loathsome dungeon. The real bird of prey would have beaten out its life against the bars, or soon would have drooped and died.

The anonymous author of the "Life of the Celebrated Regent Moray," published at Edinburgh in 1528, fully corroborates Dargaud's portrait of Bothwell. He admits that when Bothwell was recalled from France in 1565, shortly before Mary's marriage with Darnley, "the Queen pretended to be displeased at his arrival, yet it is certain she rejoiced at it." And when Moray insisted upon his being tried, and Bothwell fled because he was not powerful enough to meet the military force assembled by his accusers, "the Queen proceeded not against him, as the law requires," but allowed him to retain his property, and would not permit him to be outlawed. If there were any accounts which could be relied on of the interior life of the prominent personages of this time, the relations between Bothwell and Mary, their beginning and progress, might be comprehended. There are not: consequently everyone who examines must judge for himself.

Even as Mary was already very partial, if not more, to Bothwell, when she was carried away by a burst of passion awakened by the exterior attractions of Darnley—this passion was of very short duration, and, as it rapidly chilled, just so quickly her feeling for Bothwell revived and became more and more intensified. Darnley was addicted to every vice which could disabuse a wife of her infatuation, when the honeymoon had set and the sun of common sense had arisen. Henceforward the only link that bound them together was that tie which often keeps

disenchanted couples from separating—an unborn child. Nevertheless, even this was not so potent that Mary did not contemplate a divorce within seven months after her marriage; and already Bothwell was in such high favor that he was actually hated for his influence over the Queen as much as ever Darnley or Rizzio had been. Mary cared for Bothwell, in a lesser or greater degree, long before she thought of or came in contact with Darnley; then, carried away by something akin to insane infatuation, she sacrificed herself to it and to that miserable, gaudy, immature man. The revulsion rekindled the embers of her yearning for the manly Earl, and soon fanned them into flame, resulting in a conflagration which consumed her queenly dignity and his pre-eminence in Scotland.

Not to be accused of warping evidence, the following paragraph is quoted entire, because, if the writer could use such bitter language against Bothwell, the greater is the reason for believing that his guarded praises are trustworthy and far less than Bothwell's deserts:

“The breach between Mary and her husband [Darnley] was becoming wider every day, and *Moray beheld it with secret satisfaction*. The licentious Bothwell had acquired a great ascendancy in the national councils; that ambition which he had long cherished now began to unfold; he cast his aspiring eyes towards Mary, and already marked her out as his own, while Mary only noticed him with her favor on account of his devotedness to her service; and he had long meditated the destruction of her husband. Of insinuating manners, he

easily acquired the Queen's confidence ; and his pretended courtesy and respect not only made favorable impressions on her, but taught her to behold him with *gratitude*. *He appeared to her the only one of her nobles whom she could trust*; for she had found them all one day her friends, and the next joining in cabals against her. He was at this time almost at the head of the government, and yet he was destitute of talent and ability [this is inconsistent]. He knew nothing of politics, was insensible to glory and magnanimity, a despiser of patriotism, a man of boisterous passions and unruly desires [this is ridiculous]. In private life he was the same unprincipled man—ambitious, licentious, prodigal and libertine. \* \* \* He was able to form the most criminal enterprises, and equally courageous to put them to the trial. \* \* \* *His exterior was handsome, his manners pleasing*; he was an adept in the practice of those allurements which attract the notice and excite the admiration of the female sex. Reckless of futurity, he only sought the gratification of his vicious, unprincipled and libertine desires ; and he cared not whether he accomplished these by the sword, the dagger, or the poisonous draught.

This licentious nobleman had formerly been Moray's enemy, but now they were sworn friends. *Moray, perceiving his importance, courted and flattered him*; while the Queen, who knew little of Bothwell's private conduct, and who, at best, was only attached to him on account of his devotion to her service, thinking that her happiness and security consisted in the union of those two powerful noblemen, used every endeavor to promote their friendship ; thus, while unaware of the danger, actually aiding her own ruin. Moray and Bothwell, therefore, now invited each other with every appearance of friendship ; and the former, easily comprehending the rest-

less disposition of the latter, availed himself of his grandeur, while Bothwell, no less ambitious, was completely undermined by a man whose talents were far more profound, whose refinement appeared the result of prudence, and whose dissimulation and knowledge of business enabled him to lay the most effectual plans for hastening the downfall of his profligate associate."

This presentation of the saintly (*sic*) Murray by his own biographer, makes him out as little better than a dissimulating rascal, and far worse than his victims, Bothwell and Mary. Gilbert Stuart, "one of the most zealous advocates of Mary," admits that when he won the favor of the Queen "*he [Bothwell] was in the prime of youth and extremely handsome.*" Finally, not to enlarge too much upon this topic, Throckmorton, the English envoy, who was no friend to Bothwell, reported of him: "He is a *glorious, rash, and hazardous young man.*"

What is the reality of the pen portrait drawn and colored by the enmity of Murray's panegyrist? Bothwell was handsome, smart, alluring, fearless, utterly free from the superstitions and fanaticism of his era—ambitious, a lay Richelieu, who, when he saw his *objective*, reached it by clearing away obstacles, as did Hannibal, Frederic or Napoleon. He was not as politic or self-restrained as Moray, or Murray, but he was in every respect as far superior to the avaricious and dissolute Morton; to the unprincipled Huntley; and to the combined or simple

vices inherent in the rest of the prominent Scottish nobility as he was inferior in conduct and decorum to the Regent, in whom the shrewd instincts were in masterly ascendancy over their contrasts. For his generation Bothwell was not as bad as very many whose opportunities for evil were not in accordance with their vile desires. And not to be absolutely vicious where so many—with rare exceptions—were altogether so, entitles him to a consideration and a fair judgment which is inconsistent with the influences of to-day. Circumstances alone make men, and men must be judged by the circumstances which environed and mastered them. Many a man and many a woman who pass for a saint in the XIX. Century, might have been very devils had they lived in Scotland or in France three hundred and twenty-five years ago.

Bothwell's religious convictions were directly opposite to those of Mary. He was an ultra-Protestant. Such a combination of principle and the want of it in a man stigmatized by his enemies as most wicked, may be a seeming paradox, but it is not unexampled. Many a man who appears to be destitute of principle possesses, nevertheless, underlying everything, a determination in regard to creed which is insurmountable, inaccessible to bribe or seduction, a bed-rock belief which defies fire itself. Everything seemed calculated to separate the bigoted Papist, Mary, and the political Presbyterian, Bothwell. It appeared, however, as if even the vices of so strange a lover,

their divergences, united to make him irresistible in the heart of the Queen, corrupted in its first developing bud in the flagitious Court of the Valois, in which the presiding Circe was Catherine de Medicis, surrounded by her one hundred and fifty "*filles d'honneur*" (*sic*), the sirens of her Italian policy. Mary and Bothwell *were* physical, moral and mental enigmas while living, and they *are* still enigmas.

It is painful, it is almost nauseating, to see how minds will abuse their powers to pervert or obscure the truth, when it is contrary to the theories they have undertaken to maintain. Mary did not give Bothwell up after he had left her at Carberry Hill. The woman who bears within her bosom the life which love has begotten there, especially if it has been engendered in the face of peril, in the midst of suffering, and in defiance of the world, very, very rarely can free her heart from the sovereign remembrance of the father of her unborn child. If ever, among subjects, contemporaries or after generations, Mary had a champion, she possessed one in Prince Labanoff, and in his publications of her letters, united, or illustrated, by a chronological statement of events, he says, in connection with the "18th of July, 1567, the Lords of the Secret Council proposed to Marie Stuart to disavow her marriage with Bothwell; she refuses to do so; unwilling to consent to render illegitimate the child which she then bore in her bosom." Ranmer, in



his "Contributions to Modern History," quotes from letters of the British Ambassador to the same effect.

In the midst of all her misery, after she was captured by the Confederated Lords, the first moments that she was left to herself she devoted to writing to Bothwell. And scantily as she was furnished at the time with money (Schiern, 288), "in further prouif of her inordinat affectiounn towardes him she convoyit a purs with gold to him be David Kintor the same XVI. day." She again wrote to him during her imprisonment, and when delivered from Lochleven her first thought was to dispatch a messenger to find Bothwell, wherever he might be, to announce to him, that she was once more free. In this connection, how true the remark of Osip, the heroic serf, in Dumas' play, "The Danicheffs:" "Do you know a spot on earth, Nickepor, where a man [a lover] can go unaccompanied by the love in her [his sweetheart's] heart? If Anna [Mary] still loves the count [Earl] she will leave her soul with him and naught but an empty casket will be by my [anyone else's] side."

Labanoff again, under date 1568, states, "in February (nine months after marriage) Marie Stuart gives birth, at Lochleven, to a daughter,\* who is taken to France, where she became afterwards a nun, at Notre Dame de Soissons."

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Bothwell has been accused of treating Mary roughly after his marriage to her. He had loved her for many years and from the beginning with the intense love of a fierce nature. He knew her nature. With possession her passion soon became satiated. The Moor, Othello, born under a torrid sun, when his jealousy became aroused, slew. The Idumean, Herod, first guarded, watched, and temporized, until, carried away by a burst of passion, he executed. Bothwell, of a colder nature, constituted himself the sentinel of his honor; and the prisoner for whatever cause, especially a woman, never fails to resent stern supervision with tears and reproaches. It is asserted that Mary, resenting Bothwell's jealousy, called for a knife to kill her-

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The note to this reads as follows: "The pregnancy of the Queen of Scotland has been denied by Gilbert Stuart, who wrote in 1782; but Dr. Lingard having reproduced this fact as unshaken in his history of England, I have considered myself compelled to adopt his version, relying especially on the testimony of Le Laboureur, a very praiseworthy historian, who, in his additions to the *Memoires of Castelnau* (French Ambassador to Scotland at the time), Vol. I., page 610, edition of 1731, speaks of the daughter of Marie Stuart. [This is the Castelnau to whom Alice Strickland, in her 'Life of Mary Stuart,' alludes in such very high terms.]

"It must be remembered that the author (*Le Laboureur*) cited, filled a post of confidence at the Court of France (he was counsellor and almoner to the King), and that he had every means of knowing the different particulars kept secret for so long a time. Besides, when he published his work, it was easy for him to consult the registers of the Convent of Notre Dame de Soissons and to assure himself in fact if the daughter of Marie Stuart had been a nun therein."

self.\* She had used the same expression before, while Darnley was still alive. Mary's words were ominous. Bothwell could not have forgotten her threat when her favorite, Rizzio, was murdered, and that she quitted Darnley the night before he perished with an allusion to this menace.

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\*“But under Le Croc's eyes, and even while he was explaining these views to Lethington, the affair took a sudden and disagreeable change. Believing that the Queen led a miserable life with her husband [Bothwell], the confederates thought she would be easily severed from him. Her wild talk the night before, however, had led them to suspect that she was frantic to return to his arms, and she had acted so as to confirm this view. Le Croc was told by Lethington that he had had a conversation with her, in which she reproached him for severing her from her husband, with whom she hoped to live and die with all the satisfaction in the world. He answered that he and his comrades were far from feeling that they did her injury by this separation; on the contrary, they believed it to be in every way the best thing for her future honor and happiness. He tried what jealousy would do, and said her husband was still in correspondence with his former wife, and had told her that she was his real wife and the Queen his mistress.

“The Queen gave an angry denial to this, and he shortly replied that the letters would show it. Lethington said the conference ended by her asking ‘if she and her husband would be permitted to depart together in a ship, to sail where fortune should direct.’ To this draft on the precedents of the romances the “Chameleon,” as Buchanan calls him, made answer, evidently, in a vein of dry sarcasm, that, provided the pair did not happen to land in France, he thought it about the best thing they could do. It seems clear too, that she wrote a letter to her husband, which the messenger she had hired to convey it faithfully delivered to the confederates. Melville renders its purport as “calling him her dear heart, whom she should never forget nor abandon for absence; and that *she sent him away only for his own safety*, willing him to be comforted, and to be upon his guard.” (Burton's “History of Scotland,” Vol. IV., pp. 251, 252.)

When morning broke Rizzio's murder had been avenged. It is not unlikely that Bothwell might have had some experience of her temper, and, although recently married to her, his relations had been very intimate with her for a longer period than is usually accorded to the honeymoon. How many recently-married couples, even at this civilized time, find ample occasion for quarrels on their wedding trip, and yet live out long, loving and edifying lives, whose warmth or heat is tempered by frequent and violent storms.

Should it excite any astonishment that Bothwell deemed himself worthy of the hand of Mary when Darnley, a man of inferior position and influence had obtained it, and when his own ancestors had acquired a reputation for their relations to royal ladies. One of the Hepburns, according to tradition, married a sister of the celebrated Robert Bruce, of Bannockburn fame, and King of Scotland, which his abilities and audacity had made independent. Hepburn of Hales held the Castle of Dunbar and in it, with him, the beautiful Jane Beaufort, widow of James I., spent her latter days and died. How or why she was thus under the same roof with Hepburn, the great-great grandfather of Bothwell—whether by her own consent or by force—was one of the undetermined problems of the day. A son of the same Hepburn was one of the suitors of Mary of Gueldres, widow of James II. Bothwell's own father was the rival of Darnley's father for the hand of Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Stuart, who, according to the pub-

lications of the Bannatyne Club, “promest faithfullie, be her hand writ, at twa sindre tymes, to tak the said Erle in mariage.” Again, does it seem strange for the second earl in Scotland to marry his accomplice, even if a queen, in the murder of her husband, when that husband came between him and his ambitious hopes at a time when the woman was as yet unstained by any act which might not be attributed to imprudent favoritism? Again, was it more audacious or startling for a belted earl, equal by birth, manhood, acquirements, influence and courage to any nobleman in Scotland, to expect to win a queen whose hand Elizabeth had considered not too exalted for her favorite, if not her actual lover—Leicester—who was not even born to the rank of earl, and never attained to the official dignities held as hereditary rights by the Bothwells from generation to generation? Again, justly or otherwise, Mary, although a queen, had been charged by her own husband, Darnley, with criminal intercourse with Rizzio, which was his principal excuse for the assassination of the Italian favorite; while doubts hung over her with regard to others. Was it sublime presumption in Bothwell to raise his eyes to one of whom Mignet, Michelet and Dargaud have written so severely, and whom the ministers and population of Edinburgh did not hesitate publicly to brand with the harshest epithet that can be applied to her sex; and when Bothwell himself counted among his mistresses the daughter of the Earl of Angus and cousin of the Earl of Morton, afterwards Regent, and wife of a gentleman of

distinction; likewise her sister, Lady Reres, who, in 1567, was Chamberwoman, or intimate confidante of Mary Stuart herself, and attainted as Bothwell's pander with the Queen. The foregoing demonstrates the condition of morals in Scotland at this time, indeed, throughout Europe in the Sixteenth Century; and, although this "STUDY" utterly rejects the idea that Mary was unchaste, except with Bothwell, her associations were such that it is not astonishing that a bold and favored noble and a devoted and consistent champion should consider himself entitled by birth and position to occupy the place of a Darnley, especially when the murder of the unhappy boy-husband was done, at best, with the tacit consent of the wife.

The idea that because the highly accomplished, insinuating Italian musician, Rizzio, was ugly he could not inspire passion in a susceptible woman is preposterous. Bright minds in repulsive caskets are sometimes the most successful wooers. Schopenhauer never uttered a greater truth than this: *Women often love ugly men, but never an unmanly man.*"

It is also laid to the charge of Bothwell that he was destitute of any personal advantages. Nevertheless, Mary loved him at a period of life when, as Byron makes the Devil remark in his "Deformed Transformed,"

"Then you are far more difficult to please  
Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus' mother,  
Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age  
When love is not less in the eye than heart."

In other words, Byron means to say that, in the teens, love comes through the eye as a rule; but, with developed intelligence, through the mental as well as through the actual vision. This is true.

Notwithstanding, if Mary did not love Bothwell, she never loved anybody. She may have been captivated by his manliness, intrepidity, devotion, and other similar characteristics; but, ugly or handsome, he had her affections.

While on this subject, this seems the proper place to sit, again, in judgment upon Mary's half-brother, the bepraised but not the praiseworthy Regent Murray. There is the same antagonism in the estimates of the Regent Murray. It is very likely he was what Raumer quotes, "concealing" "his ambition under the cover of sincere piety; he had a cold, ungrateful heart, capable and guilty of all kinds of deceit, crimes and baseness." He was one of those politicians whose passions were controlled by their policy, and both were entirely subordinate to their intellect. He could handle pitch without any adhering to his fingers. He was invariably absent when any dark deed was to be done, but always let drop some expression or acted in such a manner as showed that he was a tacit, if not an active, accessory before the fact. He kept in with the clergy, especially John Knox, and their Geneva cloaks covered up many a rent and stain on Murray's vesture, and still hide them from any but the bold hands that dare

to lift them up or tear them open. He betrayed Mary, he betrayed Darnley, he betrayed Bothwell; and he alone profited by this; and if an assassin's bullet had not cut short his subsequent admirable administration, it is most probable that his career, if it had lasted a few years longer, would have ended as did that of his associate, Morton. The object of Murray and the associate lords was to pull Mary down into the mire. Their first instrument was Darnley, and the next Bothwell. As the fool fell, so fell the hero—for, in barbarous times, such was Bothwell. As soon as the fearless man, Bothwell, was out of the way of the helpless woman, Mary became an easy victim. Murray became virtual king, and Morton eventually succeeded him. Poetic justice followed the conspirators; and, before Mary had been executed or Bothwell had died, the majority of their persecutors had preceded them before that dread tribunal where, if there be another life, such crimes as theirs are judged. At all events, they were judged in this world, and capital sentences awarded. Bothwellhaugh slew Murray for cruelty shown by the latter's subordinate to the former's wife. Lennox, father of Darnley, next in order as Regent, was killed by a pistol shot in an affray; Mar, his successor, died suddenly—poison the suspected cause; and the "Maiden"—a sort of guillotine which Morton had introduced into Scotland—avenged upon him the wrongs of many a matron and maiden, husband and relative. Nor did the series of retaliations end with him.



\* Sir William Stnart, "sum tynie lioun king of Arms," "sent to Denmark to demand the surrender of Bothwell," "being convictet of witcherie was burnt," 16th August, 1569, at St. Andrews. Captain John Clark, another bitter persecutor, died actually in the same prison, Dragsholm, with his intended victim. Thus, upon one after another, Bothwell's wrongs were fearfully visited.

Ranmer remarks (Letter XIX.): "Seldom has Nemesis avenged wicked deeds so rapidly as in this part of the Scotch history. Without repeating my narrative of the facts, I will merely sum them up in chronological order. Three months after the murder of Darnley, three weeks after the pretended ravishment, fourteen days after the fraudulent divorce, Mary was married to Bothwell, the murderer of her husband, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic and of the Protestant Church. Four weeks later, on the 15th of June, she was already hurled from the throne, and taken prisoner at Carberry Hills."

In this world, failure, regarded as a crime, always receives the severest punishment. This crime of failure hangs like a pall over Bothwell. It is like the black curtain covering the space which should have been filled by the portrait of Marino Faliero, and bears an inscription to the effect that this Doge was beheaded for his crimes. Crimes? He was decapitated for seeking to give greater freedom to a people held in abject subjection by a corrupt aristocratic oligarchy.

No historian has ever done Bothwell justice. To present him fairly, the truth has to be winnowed out from the falsehood as grain from chaff, and then cleaned from smut. He was not more ambitious than Murray, and not as stained with vices as Morton. He was as brave and able as Kircaldy, and as sagacious as Maitland of Lethington. He was far superior to the rest of the vile rabble, who, like a pack of wolves, hunted him down, not one of whom but fell far below him as a man of truth, loyalty and consistency.

Throughout his checkered career, Bothwell displayed hesitation and want of determination or sagacity in only one instance—at Carberry Hill. Why he was so false to himself on this occasion is one of the unexplained and inexplicable riddles of history.

There were two crises in the career of Mary—Carberry Hill, 15th of June, 1567, and Langside, 15th of May, 1568, the latter the anniversary of her marriage with Bothwell. In both cases it was the obvious policy of Mary to avoid a conflict, and as long as her person was secure, the number of her adherents would daily augment; while, on the other hand, the forces of those opposed to her would have diminished and their spirits become broken. This had frequently happened, previously, in the course of her reign. A few days delay in Dunbar would have saved her and Bothwell; and had she thrown herself at once into some Scottish stronghold—Dumbarton, if

possible—before Langside, she might have preserved her crown. Chalmers, her advocate (I. 165), admits this.

John Knox, whose general trustworthiness as a historian has been questioned, was nevertheless deep in the secrets of the associated lords whose “Band” triumphed over the Royal Pair at Carberry Hill, and must have known the truth of this when he wrote. Consequently when Knox, corroborated by Buchanan—devilishly inimical both to Mary and Bothwell—“expressly declares that if the latter had only for two days remained quiet with the Queen in the fastness of Dunbar, which the lords were unable to capture, those in Edinburgh would have disbanded, and every one would have sought to care for himself alone.” This statement of Knox deserves implicit confidence. Bothwell’s issuing forth from Dunbar, to fight troops more or less disciplined with mere feudal levies, was the irreparable mistake. Doubtless he thought that the presence of the Queen would be as effectual in 1566 as it had been in 1562 and 1565, when at the head of a similar array she crushed or hunted other “bands” of rebel lords out of her realm. To charge Bothwell with cowardice for quitting the Queen at Carberry Hill, without striking a blow for himself and her, is as ungenerous as the motive imputed. There was not a drop of dastard blood in Bothwell’s veins. He did not consent to leave her until Kircaldy of Grange, the “chivalric” (*sic*) representative of the “Band” of traitor nobles, had assured her of the respect due to her,

and consideration worthy her dignity—and her consequent surrender on his assurances. Believing that a man like Kir-caldy would not submit to become the agent of the basest deception, and that Mary was safe in person and position, and would receive at least decent treatment as a woman, Bothwell left her. He had every reason to base his calculations at Carberry Hill on those which had proved correct in similar emergencies. Hitherto Fate had been propitious. It was now to prove adverse. Every man is simply a tool fashioned for a particular purpose. Bothwell, as an instrument, had accomplished his work. The implement was now useless, was thrown aside to become the prey of rust—to disappear in the vast deposit of tools which had performed their office. Again and again he had left his native land because he could not successfully breast the immediate fury of the storm, but only to return with renewed force, to higher influence and vaster power, to put his foot on the very same “Bands” that drove him forth. It was not the first time that he had been compelled to abandon Scotland for political reasons, and to escape the temporarily overwhelming strength and violence of enmity. Had he not gone forth, before, only to return stronger. Exile to him had been his mother earth, the same as to Antæus in the struggle with Hercules. He knew that if faith was kept with Mary, the wretches who had associated against her would soon be at each other’s throats, and that if he preserved his life again to clasp her hand there was

every prospect of ultimate triumph. He did not take into account Fate, and that, having risen so high by crime, like Macbeth, the deceitful hags whose counsels and prophesies had led him to its commission would become transmuted into Eumenides to hunt him, as they hunted Orpheus, to his doom. And then, when this retribution had fallen with pitiless power, it is a comfort to remember that the Furies turned with fangs as sharp and whips as pitiless upon their mortal agents. If the Queen had not trusted to Kircaldy of Grange, she would not have consented to divide her lot from that of Bothwell. Retributive justice found Kircaldy out. At Carberry Hill he was the tool of Morton. Afterwards he became his adversary and was besieged in Edinburgh Castle by troops sent by Elizabeth to the assistance of the latter. To the English he surrendered, and by them was delivered up to Morton, and as a deserter was he hanged at the market cross of the Scottish capital. At the same time, Lethington, another of these subtle fiends, was taken prisoner, and, to escape the halter, "he took a drink and died," and justice was done upon his dead body. To follow out the story of all the enemies of Bothwell would fill a volume. Suffice it to say that all were punished, and the majority adequately in the fullest degree for their deviltries. Murray, in the full blossom of his dignity, fell a victim to private vengeance; Lennox was shot; Morton was decapitated; and so, in succession, great and small, sooner or later, *Ατϵ* found them out.

Bothwell was an extraordinarily brave man, at a time when physical bravery was an absolute necessity to hold any public position, much more to make headway against opposing factions. His very personal encounter with the freebooter, John Elliot, demonstrates that he possessed unusual intrepidity. Schiern, Petit, and Aytoun, together, furnish all the particulars, and these prove that Bothwell was just the man to cope with the fearlessness and recklessness of border desperadoes. Severely, almost mortally, wounded, and for a brief period at the mercy of his adversary, he roused himself up to inflict such deadly injuries that these cost Elliot his life. Finally, Bothwell even from his earliest years was a sagacious leader, a wise administrator, an astute diplomatist, a judicious counsellor, an intrepid soldier, and an able general. A single remark of his made to the venerable Le Croc, the French Ambassador—no friend to Bothwell—in regard to Le Croc's representing, on this occasion, the mediator between Hannibal and Scipio, before Zama, indicates that Bothwell, so far from having neglected the study of the "Humanities"—as they were called—could apply the lessons derived from them. Grave historians have alleged that his youthful studies in Paris and elsewhere were especially devoted to the art of enchantment, and that these were subsequently prosecuted in the breathing spells of his boisterous and laborious manhood, and that through these he had bewitched the Queen (Mary) to fall in love with him. This nonsense

roused up defenders, equally erudite with those who spread the report, who maintained the incredibility of admissions, credited even to Bothwell himself. He most likely was master of several languages, certainly English and French, for he was sent on diplomatic missions to both countries, and at one time he either commanded, or was an officer in, the Royal Scottish Archer Guard, to whom was intrusted the protection of the person of the sovereign of France. From this appointment he came back to Scotland, the native gem cut and polished into a brilliant. In addition, he must have possessed a colloquial acquaintance with the Latin, for this was the language of diplomacy and even familiar intercourse, occupying the place afterward filled by French. A strong proof of this is shown by the fact that he found himself, at various periods of his life, in contact with personages with whom he could not otherwise have conversed. Consequently, in all human probability, Latin was perfectly familiar to him, since on no occasion is there any mention of the necessity or the presence of interpreters. His whole career presents unmistakable proofs that he was not illiterate, nor repulsive, nor ignoble, in person or carriage or conduct, but directly the opposite.

This "STUDY," close and careful, has led to the firm conviction that Swinburne—whose tragedies (a Trilogy, 1865-'75-'81, *Chastelar*, *Bothwell* and *Mary*) show that he had investigated with attention all the details which he wove

into his verse—was correct when he makes Mary declare that Bothwell was the first man whom she had ever loved with the full force of a matured woman's intense affection.

Furthermore, what does Algernon Charles Swinburne say in the *Fortnightly Review* (1. Jan. '82) in regard to Mary's innocence and her relations to Darnley and to Bothwell?

“Outside the range of the clerical and legal professions it should be difficult to find men of keen research and conscientious ability who can think that a woman of such working brain and burning heart as never faltered, never quailed, never rested till the end had come for them of all things, could be glorified by degradation to the likeness of a brainless, heartless, sexless and pusillanimous fool. *Supposing she had taken part in the slaying of Darnley, there is every excuse for her; supposing she had not, there is none.* Considered from any possible point of view, the tragic story of her life in Scotland *admits but of one interpretation* which is not incompatible with the impression she has left on all friends and all foes alike. *And this interpretation is simply that she hated Darnley with a passionate but justifiable hatred and loved Bothwell with a passionate but pardonable love.* For the rest of her career, I cannot but think that whatever was evil and ignoble in it was the work of education or of circumstance; whatever was good and noble, the gifts of nature or of God.”



Madame Sand—as quoted by Sainte-Beuve—very indulgent for Mary, considers that the three capital sins of this Queen were her abandonment of Chastelard [to the executioner]; her feigned caresses lavished upon the unhappy Darnley [when luring him to his doom]; and *her forgetfulness of Bothwell* [who had sacrificed everything for her].

Although this “STUDY” is woven of words, its story is, nevertheless, built up of facts. “I go in for facts,” quoth Frederic the Great, “that is my motto.” Man, in his means, has passed through an infinitude of developments; but his thoughts, his methods, his passions, his objects, have undergone no change since Cain smote Abel with a club—a brand caught from a sacrificial fire, half burned, charred, but potent as a weapon of malice. It was as fatal in the hand of the first-born of Adam as the Gatling gun which mows down a company at a volley, just as the scythe lays prostrate, at one sweep, a swathe of another development. Before the Deluge came,—chronicled on cuniform cylinders, laid aside in libraries collected before the growth of mind had formulated the alphabetic characters through which science afterward transmitted its discoveries with greater comparative certainty,—the Sons of God fell in love with the Daughters of men, and thence resulted what the Germans style the *Sund-fluth*—the cataclysm—on which the Ark floated over a submerged world until the Dove—the emblem of Venus—brought back an olive branch as a symbol of a new birth. Love,

“Thou tyrant of gods and men—EROS!”

reigned in Eden. Its sceptre was as potent in the antediluvian era as it is to-day, when thought is flashed over the wires with

a rapidity almost transcending calculation. Before it, crowns bow their splendors and weapons lower their deadly points. It will reign when the same sun which now blazes upon this planet illumines an extinguished orb like the cold, rugged, simply reflecting moon. It will hold its own throne when life, as we understand it, is being blotted, or burned, out. Love is immortal—not in the sense of Canon Farrar, an indefinite era, an age, anything except eternal—but everlasting as that Being through whose will the universe came into existence and whose laws will govern when the starry host which now are marshaled into incalculable systems, revolving in circuits whose sweep is beyond the grasp of mind, ends in what the astronomer can neither conceive nor the ordinary mind comprehend, because it depends on the decrees of the Infinite. Amor, Omnipotent, source and end of all true happiness, is a god; his home is in the Spiritual world; but he condescends to the Material, through Spiritism, and his sway is illimitable. In obedience to his gentle influences beat the hearts of the beggar and the monarch; or, as the old proverb justly asserts, “As much pains are taken with the development of the embryo of a pauper as with the germ of a king.” In the heart or mind which is capable of cold-blooded calculation, passion may have held sway, but not love. Wherever selfish considerations exert authority love does not exist, or is losing ground, or is dying.





## Mary and Bothwell.

### ❖ THE LOVERS. ❖

*Queen [Mary].—* Life of that [my] heart,  
 There is but one thing hath no remedy,  
 Death ; all ills else have end or hope of end—  
 \* \* \* \* \*

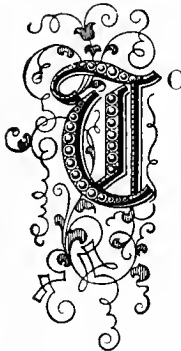
*Bothwell.—* Well, being sundered, we may live,  
 And living meet ;— \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* I will go,  
 Till good time bring me back ; and you that stay,  
 Keep faith with me.

*Queen.—*My soul, my spirit, my very and only God,  
 My truth and trust, that makes me true of heart,  
 My life that feeds and life that lightens me,  
 My breath and blood of living \* \* \*

*Bothwell.—*Keep then this kiss too with the word you gave  
 And with them both my heart and its good hope,  
 To find time yet for you and me. FAREWELL !

*Mary.—*I do not think one can die more than this."

SWINBURNE'S "*Bothwell.*"



TO UNDERTAKE to present in detail evidence (and authorities) for the origin and development of Mary's interest in Bothwell would require a huge volume, for they would have to be extracted from quite a library of works, not only treating of her and of him, but of their time. Tokens of the interest she took and the confidence that she placed in him, were visible as soon as she returned to

Scotland. They manifest themselves with increasing force as she came to know him better and better, and more thoroughly to appreciate his character. When imprisoned through adverse political influences in 1564, his escape from Edinburgh Castle was attributed to her connivance. Driven on the English coast, captured and committed to the Tower by Elizabeth, he owed his release to the earnest appeals of Mary. *Hauffrecht* (*first-law*), the law of possession and force, was then almost the only law recognized in Scotland; and Mary comprehended that Bothwell, "the reliable," was the only man on whom she (the Queen) could lean and in whom she could confidently trust to enforce her authority. Just as she was secretly "handfasted"—not married (consult John Stewart's "A Lost Chapter in the History of Mary, Queen of Scots, Recovered," \* pp. 26, 27)—to Darnley over three months

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\* "During the spring of 1565, Mary, after much hesitation, finally resolved to take Darnley to be her husband, and, it appears, from evidence which seems sufficient, that she was espoused or '*handfasted*' to him at Stirling in the early part of April of that year."

Any curious reader can get a complete understanding of what "handfasting" signifies by reading Sir Walter Scott's "Monastery" (Vol. II., chap. vii. and xviii.), in regard to Julian Avenel and Catherine Græme. It seems hardly severe to say that even a queen who could submit to be "handfasted" to a Darnley, would commit a more venial sin in being married to a Bothwell.

"It must be admitted," writes Mr. Hosack, "that Mary on this occasion kept Throgmorton [English Agent or Ambassador] in the dark on a very important point. We now know that she had already privately married Darnley, but that they had determined to wait for

before she was publicly espoused to him, even so she had secretly given her heart, if not her person—the latter most probably—to Bothwell long before the rupture with her husband was clearly shown to be irremediable. Even while, in the first instance, she was exposing herself to comment by apparently courting Darnley, the influence of Bothwell over her was already plainly visible. Two months after her marriage with Darnley; Bothwell had returned to her side and was in high favor. Within three months he shared the military command in chief with Lennox, the father of her consort; and “the first open difficulty between husband and wife” arose from her appointment of Bothwell as her Lieutenant-General in preference to Lennox. Within another month her affection, if not her passion, for “the eminently handsome Earl,” was so clearly recognizable, that foreign ambas-

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the Pope's dispensation, which was necessary on account of their relationship, before the ceremony was celebrated in public.' (Hosack, 'Queen Mary,' p. 102.) *The ceremony thus referred to could hardly be called a marriage*, as that was a sacramental rite which did not admit of being repeated. It is no doubt described as having taken place in presence of a priest; but, so early as the thirteenth century, it was required by our canon law that espousals or *handfastings* should be made in presence of a priest and trustworthy witnesses. (Statut. Eccl. Scot., Vol. II., p. 68.) In a contemporary memoir addressed to Cosmo de Medici, printed by Labanoff, the ceremony is described as having occurred in Stirling Castle, in an apartment of David Riccio—Fossero da un capellano catholicamente sponsati in camera di esso David.' (Labanoff, Vol. VII., p. 67.)”

sadors saw in him the present power behind the throne, and drew inferences of what was impending.

In this connection, again, another observation appears to be most pertinent. Perhaps there is no better proof that Bothwell could not have been the unprincipled villain that his enemies represent him, than Mary's piteous appeals to him not to despise her for the dissimulation she was manifesting towards Darnley, in order to serve their interests. In regard to Darnley, Mary acted like a decoy female elephant, used by hunters in luring the wild male into a trap, which caresses him with her trunk while the chains are being adjusted to his legs. All the while this simile holds good, Mary seemed fearful that the man for whom she was thus lowering herself as queen and woman would dis-esteem her for this proof of the very height of her love which is pulling her down into such a depth of moral degradation.

Mary's feeling for Bothwell was no sudden passion. It *certainly* dates back to the period when she first discovered how she had deceived herself in selecting the empty Darnley as her consort. Tokens of it may even be traced much farther back than this. Bothwell had been a favored servant of her mother, the politic Marie de Guise, one in whom the sagacious Regent had learned to put her trust, This feminine ruler had had long and sore experience of the Scottish nobility, and for her to single out Bothwell as a champion gives him a strong title to respect and appre-

ciation. He was her right-hand man. Chambers tells us that Bothwell "avoided marriage as long as he could, enamored of the species of roving life that he led until he had attained his thirtieth year," and remain free to bestow his affections and dignities where and as he willed.

Burton, the historian of Scotland, whose work evinces little if any enthusiasm, and great calmness, if not cold impartiality, is favorable to Bothwell and to the opinion arrived at through this "STUDY." He agrees with Randolph, the English Ambassador, as to the first traces noted by a contemporary on the spot of the Queen's partiality for Bothwell. This was in April, 1565. It is much more likely, however, that her ardent affection for him was kindled in the previous year, 1564. Mary first saw Darnley in the February preceding, and was privately "handfasted" to him in April or May, and publicly married on the 29th of July in the same year. Swinburne intimates that there was some apparent intelligence between Mary and Bothwell as early as the execution of Chastelard in 1562. And here it may be pertinent to make an observation as to the connection between Mary and a number of the reputed lovers with whom she is charged with having had improper relations. That she was indiscreet in her conduct cannot be explained away, however great may have been her excuse. The manners of her period, of the French court—in which she was bred—a hundred exculpations or palliations, can be adduced in her favor. She is said to have loved Condé and

Marshal d'Amville—both were worthy of it; Chastelard, the gallant troubadour; Sir John Gordon, a brave young nobleman, and even Rizzio, the possessor of many refinements and accomplishments, and a succession of others. Nevertheless there is nothing which amounts to positive proof that she was absolutely culpable or criminal with a single one of them. Burton observes that she was fond of trying upon everyone whom she desired to win the various resources of her passionate and subtle nature. She was a coquette, and, as a queen, justified herself in the exercise of the arts peculiar to this type. But did not the unmarried Elizabeth avail herself of a similar prerogative? Yet she is accepted as the “Virgin Queen.”

This “STUDY” has now reached a point when it is necessary to consider the interest exhibited by Mary in promoting the marriage between Bothwell and Lady Jane Gordon, which occurred on the 24th of February, 1566. Burton disposes of this effectually in a few lines of irrefutable philosophical sagacity: “The interest taken by Queen Mary in this marriage has been pitted against the many presumptions that her heart then belonged to Bothwell. But *experience in poor human nature teaches us that people terrified by the pressure of temptation do sometimes set up barriers against it, which they afterwards make frantic efforts to get over.*”

There were now two obstacles between Mary and her lover—her husband and his wife. She was already es-



tranged from Darnley, who was destitute of character, and prone to every vice which would disgrace a man and disgust a proud and refined woman. Nothing but consideration for her unborn child rendered her deaf to proposals for a divorce. His brutal and cowardly conduct, planning, and with his Judas kiss (Froude, VIII., 258) assisting in the murder of Rizzio, filled the cup of her indignation, and quenched any lingering sparks of feeling for the creature on whom she had bestowed her hand. Who was the first to come to her assistance in this crisis? Bothwell! From this time onward they were indissolubly linked together. He was her champion. Listen to Burton. (IV. xlv. 162.)\*

Mary had made Bothwell, in 1566, sole Warden or Lieutenant of the Scottish Marches or Border Lands. In the discharge of his duties, he, riding alone, far ahead of his train, encountered, in Billhope Glen, a noted desperado, John Elliot, of "The Park." They had a hard fight. Bothwell was nearly killed, and Elliot died of his wounds. The Warden was carried to his own castle of Hermitage. When Mary learned his condition she was at Jedburgh. She got on horseback and galloped off with a scanty escort, through a country dangerous in itself, and more perilous from reckless lurking villains, to Bothwell's side, and remained for two hours with him. This ride of fifty miles

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\* Burton, IV. xlv. 162, &c.; 172-3; 174; 176; 177 (1 and 2); 181; 182-191. Consult "*Biographie Generale*," Art. "*Marie (Ecosse)*," 1870. XXXIII., and Art. "Mary, Queen of Scots," *Harper's Magazine*.

across country, and much longer if she made certain detours which are surmised from corroborative circumstances, in the month of October, which is a rude season in so high a latitude and harsh climate as that of Scotland, brought on a fever that nearly cost her her life. Leaving, however, these last considerations aside, whom did Mary dash off to the Hermitage to visit? A suffering lover, or a trusted official, wounded in the discharge of his duty? Eulogists and excusers have shed as much ink as Bothwell lost blood in the endeavor to gloss over this adventure, so inexplicable as the mere gracious consideration of a queen. But the human heart, if it has had any experience of life and love, can solve the problem better than all the partisans and penmen in the world. In response to the intelligence that Bothwell lay dying, as was supposed, Mary's heart flew to him—flew to the man on whom her affections were fixed—and she followed it and the instincts of her woman's nature.

The following detailed account of the fight between Bothwell and Elliot is a harmony of the views of Prof. Schiern, the stern Danish narrator of the career of Bothwell, and of M. Petit, a perfect chevalier of Mary, and of Mr. Aytoun, no partisan of the "fair Erle."

The many instances which Mary had already witnessed, both under the government of her deceased mother and her own, of Bothwell's readiness to venture his life in her cause, convinced her that *in him she had found a most true and trust-*

*worthy servant.* The behaviour too, which he had shown during the last trying occasion [the murder of Rizzio and its consequences] had recently drawn from her a fresh proof of her favour, inasmuch as she had rewarded him with the appointment of “Keeper” of the Castle of Dunbar, the strongest of all the Scottish sea-fortresses, which was likewise an arsenal for the whole kingdom, in which the most of its gunpowder was kept, and which by its proximity to Bothwell’s estates was of special importance to him. Nor was this all; for it has been believed that shortly after the birth of James VI. [19th June, 1566], the Queen began to show an interest in the Earl which was of another and more tender nature than simply political. \* \* \* \* \*

When the Earl, in the autumn of 1566, left Edinburgh and entered upon the charge of the turbulent Border regions intrusted to him, and the peace of which happened at this period to be specially disturbed by the Elliots, the Armstrongs, and the Johnstons, this arrangement displeased the nobles of the country. They found that Bothwell had been driven to most fearful acts out of revenge and that he could not be bribed. Bothwell had already laid hold of some of the many lawless foresters in Liddesdale, the Lairds of Maugerton and White-laugh and several Armstrongs, and put them in custody in Hermitage Castle in order to have them brought to justice. One day—the 7th of October [1566]—in a wood close in front of the Castle—Billhope Glen—he, having gone bravely in advance of his attendants, met face to face with a notorious outlaw, John Elliot, also known by the name of “John of the Park.” On coming up with him the latter demanded whether the Earl would spare his life, to which Bothwell answered that he would be heartily satisfied should the Court set him at liberty, but that he must appear before the Queen’s Court of

justice. They attacked each other with fury. They were well matched, and their bravery, quickened by anger, was undoubted. After a heroic fight, John Elliot had the worst of it, and was obliged to crave quarter from his adversary. Slipping down from his horse, he attempted to run away through the wood and slough. Irritated at this evasion, Bothwell then wounded him with one or two pistol-shots, and sprang from his saddle to pursue the fugitive. In dismounting, Bothwell lost his balance—doubtless through the excited condition of his horse—and fell over a stump and into a slough. The fall was so violent that he lay for some moments completely stunned. As the soil was too marshy for a quick pace, Elliot had not made much progress. As soon as he saw the Earl fall he came back to where he lay, and with his sword gave him, in return for the shots by which he himself had been struck, three wounds in succession—one in his body, one in the head, and one in the hand—until at length Bothwell, recovering himself, with his dagger stabbed his adversary twice in the breast, so that he staggered away mortally wounded, crawled to a neighboring hill, and soon breathed his last. Meanwhile, the Earl had again swooned when his followers reached him, and his servants bore him, senseless and weltering in blood, back to the Hermitage, where the imprisoned bandits had meanwhile been able to effect their liberty and to take possession of the Castle, so that it was only after having promised to them, in Bothwell's name, that their lives should be spared, and they themselves allowed to go away, that the Earl could be brought in and have a resting-place. This hand-to-hand fight alone in a wood speaks volumes in favor of Bothwell's intrepidity and force. During this time the Queen was staying in the neighborhood, having, according to the royal Scottish custom of holding Assize-

Courts throughout the country, just arrived for this purpose at Jedburgh, the chief town in Roxburghshire, near the foot of the Cheviot Hills. Here she immediately got tidings of the accident the Earl had met with, and *when she afterwards found an opportunity*, on the 16th October, she rode attended by her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, and some other lords, *notwithstanding the insecurity of the district*, the almost impassable roads, the bad weather and a fall on the way over to the Hermitage, to visit the wounded Bothwell.\* With him she passed a couple of hours, and immediately rode back to Jedburgh, having thus accomplished a distance of about fifty miles in one day. In spite of her fatigue she spent a great part of the night writing to Bothwell, some say on business [very unlikely!]; others, more generous, from affection [much more probable]; and the result was a fever so severe that it nearly cost her life. Indeed at one time she was given up for dead.

Schiern attributes *this* malady solely to the conse-

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\* "The most celebrated antiquity of Liddesdale is Hermitage Castle, which consists of a tall, massive, gloomy-looking double tower, protected by a ditch and strong rampart, and rising aloft from the centre of an extensive waste, overlooking the limpid murmuring waters of the Hermitage River, amid a scene of barrenness and desolation. This fortress was one of the largest and strongest on the Border. \* \* \* When in the possession of the storied Earl of Bothwell \* \* \* it was visited by Queen Mary. In order to attain her purpose, she penetrated the mountainous and almost trackless region which lies between Teviotdale and Liddesdale, attended by only a few followers; returning on the same day to Jedburgh, whence she started, and *performing a journey of upwards of forty-eight miles through all conceivable varieties of difficulty and obstructions.*" "The Topographical, Statistical and Historical Gazetteer of Scotland," 1856, Art. *Castletown*, I., 218.

quences of *this* forced ride. This view is incorrect. All mention is avoided by Mary's advocates that the night after this exertion, which should have been devoted to repose, was consumed in writing to Bothwell; and the fever was due much more to anxiety on his account than to purely physical exhaustion and exposure. When, subsequently, Darnley came to pay his duty to his wife, he was promptly dismissed; but, as soon as Bothwell had recovered sufficiently to be transported to Mary's side, he was affectionately welcomed and caressingly retained.

Among the versifications or sonnets found in the "Silver Casket" already considered, is the following:

Pour luy aussi ie jetté mainte larme,  
 Premier qn'il se fust de ce corps possesseur,  
 Duquel alors il n'avait pas le cœur ;  
 Puis me donna un antre dur alarme,  
 Quand il versa de son sang mainte dragme,  
 Dont de grief me vint lesser douleur  
 Qui n'en pensa oster la vie, et frayeur  
 De perdre, las ! le seul rempar qui m'arme.

Pour luy depuis j'ay mesprisé l'honneur ;  
 Ce qui nous peult seul pourvoir de bonheur ;  
 Pour luy j'ay hazardé grandeur et conscience :  
 Pour luy tous mes parentz j'ay quité et amis ;  
 Et tous autres respetz sont apart mis ;  
 Brief de vous seul je cherche l'alliance.

Well may it have been urged, as adverted to by the phlegmatic Danish professor, Schiern, that these lines can refer only to the severe wounding of Bothwell by John Elliot "of the Park," on the 8th of October, 1566, in which the former nearly bled to death, and the almost

fatal fever of Mary which followed her visit to Bothwell's bedside, "and that we thus have [in] the sonnets attributed to her, a confession from herself that she had even before that event, long ere Darnley's death, entirely given herself up to Bothwell."

Men and women who have passed through life without experiencing any of the temptations the barriers of which yield to the tenderest impulses of the human heart, have reason for intense thanksgiving, that they have never been exposed to them or fallen. Were there windows in the bosom, strange revelations they would show that red snow does not fall only within the polar circles. In other words, many have experienced and succumbed, although they rose again, whose secrets are concealed from human observation. On the other hand, the many more honest, who will acknowledge the truth to themselves, can perfectly comprehend that a woman, a queen, above all human law, who had been deceived, betrayed, outraged, and had been brought up in circles within which principle was an unknown quantity, would, when her affections were wholly conquered by manliness and fidelity, take refuge in the arms of the brave man whom she loved to the uttermost and whom she believed loved her in the same degree, and cling to him until Fate, remorseless, irresistible, and inevitable, absolutely wrenched her from his embrace.

This "STUDY"—to repeat and emphasize—can arrive at no other conclusion than that Mary was attached to

Bothwell with all the fierce force of her underlying exceedingly passionate nature. Two barriers existed between them. The time had now come when these had to be breached or levelled. Of these, Darnley would naturally be the first object of attack. The Queen was an outraged wife and injured woman—both to the uttermost. Whether she deliberately, in conjunction with Bothwell, planned the death of her husband, cannot now be *positively* shown.\*

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\*“Much has been said and written about this horrid crime [Darnley’s murder] and the perpetrators of it ; and we therefore abstain, both from necessity and from inability to go over the ground already occupied by such men as Bishop Leslie, Buchanan, Hume, Robertson, Goodall, Whittaker, Tytler and Laing [and others of more recent date]. We only offer a few very desultory remarks, more especially applicable to the Earl of Moray.

“The question is, who committed, who were the actors in, or who were accessories to, this execrable and atrocious regicide ? One party has condemned Bothwell, and implicated Mary ; another party, however, *has charged Moray*, Maitland, Bothwell, Morton, and others, solely with the villainy ; but Mr. Goodall has adopted the most ridiculous and extravagant hypothesis of all, and *has endeavored to prove that even Bothwell was not the murderer*. We are well aware that there are only two views of the transaction. ‘One of two things,’ says the learned Bayle, on this subject, ‘must have been the case ; either that they who forced that princess [Mary] out of her kingdom were the greatest villains in nature, or that she was the most infamous of women. \* \* \* whatever serves to load the Queen, extenuates their crime in a like degree.’ Nor are we ignorant of the illustrious men, who, after a most laborious and patient investigation, have endeavored to substantiate the charges brought against her, and which her subsequent connection with the profligate Bothwell has, in appearance, at least, sanctioned. Sir Robert Walpole observes, that ‘*a plea of such length serves rather to confirm than to weaken the evidence for the*



This "STUDY" has arrived at the conclusion that she did. If she did, would it have been an anomalous case? Have none such been made the subjects of trial again and again,

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fact;' and, again, in another place, '*I have read the apologies for Mary, but still must believe her guilty of her husband's death.* So much of the advocate, so many suppositions, appear in those long apologies that they shew of themselves that plain truth can hardly be on that side. *Suppose her guilty, and all is easy*; there is no longer a labyrinth and a clue;—*all is in the highway of human affairs.*' And Mr. Hume has expressed himself with the most dogmatical decision, in the following language: 'An English Whig, who asserts the reality of the Popish plot; an Irish Catholic, who denies the massacre of 1641; and a Scotch Jacobite, who maintains the innocence of Queen Mary; must be considered as men beyond the reach of argument or reason.'

"To be considered as 'beyond the reach of argument or reason,' is not the most consolatory reflection. But, while we reject the extravagant and absurd assertion of Whittaker, that 'if a story so authenticated as the innocence of Mary is to be rejected, half of the history of mankind must be rejected with it,' on this very principle, because, to quote Sir Roger De Coverley's maxim, much may be said, and has been said, on both sides; nevertheless, it appears to us that Mary has been unjustly treated in this lamentable catastrophe. For ourselves, indeed, we candidly confess *that we cannot divest ourselves of the conviction that Mary was aware, or had been made aware, that some plot was in contrivance to shorten the life of her unhappy husband; and it may be true, that, viewing the report as visionary or unfounded, she did not take the necessary steps to ensure its defeat.* But, from the intimacy which subsisted between Moray, Bothwell, Morton and Maitland, at this juncture,—from a view of their conference at Craigmillar,—and from the general conduct of those confederates,—we do believe that his death was first compassed by them, without, perhaps, the actual, *but certainly with the tacit, sanction of Moray; and it is a probable case that, if Mary really DID know it,* as murder was held in those wretched days no great crime,—as the king had provoked her by his brutal and

even within the knowledge of the present generation? And have not wives and their paramours been convicted frequently of equally successful guilt? Still, give Mary the

imbecile conduct,—she might after all, have been prevailed on to be *passive in an affair* which was sanctioned by the greatest and most powerful of her nobles. But it remains to be proved [?] that Mary did actually bring her husband from Glasgow to the Kirk of Field for the express purpose of getting him murdered; \* \* \* Morton knew of Bothwell's intention, yet he neither revealed or frustrated it, as he afterwards confessed on the scaffold; Moray, it is alleged, on departing for Saint Andrews to visit his lady who was sick, was heard to exclaim, 'This night, before the morning, Lord Darnley shall lose his life;' and, as it appears that this was still the leaven of that conspiracy set on foot in 1565, at Perth \* \* \* But it must not be forgotten that Moray, Morton and Maitland were at that time only secondary in their influence at court, and in their assistance to the public administration. They cordially hated the king, because he had often betrayed them, had disappointed their hopes, and in truth had been the actual author of their several humiliations; in any other light he was too contemptible to be regarded by them with fear or vengeance; moreover, they could not lose by the murder of the king, and therefore it was not to be expected that they would prevent it, or avenge his cause. Their ambition had not the same incitement as Bothwell's; to him, in truth, the king's removal was everything, though he was already in possession of a degree of power which Moray and Morton were determined to overthrow \* \* \* though *we think it is clear that they knew of the murder, it is undeniable that they had no hand in it themselves.* \* \* \* He and his friends were no doubt arming themselves with influence, *that, while they were preserving an appearance of intimacy with Bothwell*, who had long meditated the atrocious enterprise, they were working his [Bothwell's] ruin and advancing themselves; and it is likewise true that they aided the regicide in his future proceedings;—that they insinuated into his mind what he had already adopted, the hopes of the Queen's person—and that their influence was not wanting in that mock trial, which

benefit of a slight doubt as to active complicity—either in the preliminary preparations or in their final fatal application—can any one who reads the inside evidence of contemporaries rise from the examination of them—that is, provided they study them without bias and without prejudice—without feeling assured that Mary was not ignorant that a catastrophe was impending which would result in accordance with her feelings? The annals of the French Court, in which she had been brought up, teem with examples of atrocious murders, which only differ from that of Darnley in that they were quietly consummated by means of a dagger or a dose, instead of a barbarous and clumsily-contrived explosion of gunpowder. Bothwell's blunder lay in the means employed. It was an audacious disregard of every propriety—even as they were then understood—consistent with his fearless character, so glaring that it amounted to an insult to the prejudices of a large portion of the population. Greater crimes were common in Scotland, but there was always a veil of condoning circumstance thrown over them with a sort of cynical deference

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ended in the regicide's challenging any one [person] to single combat, because he well knew no one *could* accept his challenge \* \* \* nay, it is *almost impossible* that Moray, associating with the principal nobles, and intimate in particular with Morton and Lethington, knew nothing at all of the murder until it was accomplished; still these do not make him the actual murderer, or even accessory to Bothwell's own deed of villainy." "Life of the Celebrated Regent Moray." Edinburgh, 1828, pp. 255—260.

to public opinion. The gunpowder blurted out a terrible secret, which, if it had been whispered in the ear, might have been passed over as a thousand similar crimes were treated in this century of blood and immorality.

The report which roused Edinburgh and shook it wide awake scarcely seems to have affected Mary. Bothwell brought her the first news that she was free. [She at once bestowed upon him the wardrobe, and even the favorite horse which Darnley loved and ordinarily rode—and herself.

Here again a reflection is opportune.

Mary's champions dwell upon a supposititious deathbed confession of Bothwell as to Mary's innocence as regards complicity. Schiern, who is no apologist for Bothwell, dismisses this as utterly improbable, and presents arguments to establish his views. Leader (374-6), likewise Burton (IV., 470-2), is equally against its credibility. What is more, Prince Labanoff, Mary's latest, grandest, most enthusiastic champion (V. 41, 399), is constrained to coincide.

The rubbish of the first barrier, heretofore alluded to—Darnley's corpse—was buried beside, or near, the Italian musician, whose assassination was the remote or moving cause of the second crime. Mary's bitter threat when she learned that Rizzio—who received his first wound over her own shoulder—had been slain with fifty-six ghastly stabs, was ominously repeated, or at least alluded to, when she quitted Darnley the night before he perished.

Sir Walter Scott admits that, even as "Bothwell was in high favor before Darnley's death," the "Queen continued to treat Bothwell (after that catastrophe) as if he had been acquitted in the most ample and honorable manner."

What is the next step in advance? Mary, within ten days, repairs to Seton Castle, and there is happy with Bothwell. She suggests a trial to clear him of the charges with which the night resounds. He is tried. He is acquitted. A confederation of nobles recommend him to Mary as the fittest man to share her bed and throne. If she had not previously suggested this course, she ratified it at once.

The removal of the second obstacle to this consummation requires the commission of no crime which human law can arraign.

Bothwell's wife commences a suit for divorce before the proper Roman Catholic court, and Bothwell, himself, another, before a similar tribunal of the Reformed Church. The first was decided favorably on the 3d of May; the second on the 7th. Mary, who had been freed by Bothwell's audacity, now found Bothwell free by human casuistry.

Mary rides to Stirling, 21st April, to see her child, afterwards King James. Returning, at Almond, Foul, or Fountain, Bridge, without the then existing walls of Edinburgh, she and her escort, on the 24th, were met by Bothwell with a large body of armed retainers. Mary's par-

tisans shout "rape" or "ravishment," for Bothwell carries her off with him to Dunbar. Mary, brave as a lioness, utters no complaint at this apparent outrage; submits quietly, counsels non-resistance, and allows herself to be led away by her audacious lover. "Brutal Bothwell!" shout her partisans. Burton, with a few sentences—a single paragraph—again brushes away their specious arguments. She expected Bothwell! As one of her sex once remarked in a similar case, "If restrained by honor, I did not expect you; but, if impelled by love, I knew you would be here." Oh! inscrutable heart of woman, when, where, did you ever admire your lover if the impulse of honor proved more potent than the imperial promptings of his affection? Here comes in, most appositely, the following paragraph from Sir Walter Scott's *History of Scotland* (II., 121). The acute David Hume, being told of a new work which had appeared, in which the author made a well-argued defence of Queen Mary: "Has he shown," said the historian, "that the Queen did not marry Bothwell?" He was answered, of course, in the negative. "Then," replied Hume, "in admitting that fact he resigns the whole question."

Mary was a bigoted Roman Catholic—bigoted in the ultra sense of the expression. What alone in the world can trample down the ramparts of religious bigotry? Love! Nothing else? Nothing! Religion, as a rule, never prevents a woman from obeying her affections. } Mary con-

sents to be married according to the rites of the Church she was ever ready and willing to persecute; and during her brief honeymoon with Bothwell his ascendancy triumphs over her religious opinions. Whether or not she was married according to the rites of her own religion is slightly susceptible of doubt. History says she was, but the ceremony was very unostentatious. She was publicly married according to the form of Bothwell's creed by Adam Bothwell, who had been Roman Catholic Bishop of Orkney, and was a convert to the "Reformed doctrines." Mary's Roman Catholic adherents were driven away from her side by this Protestant marriage, and by her acknowledgment, under the paramount influence of love for Bothwell, of the "Reformed Church."

Attempts have been made to prove that she was unhappy with Bothwell after she became his wife. That he was a jealous and therefore an exacting husband is very likely. Strong minds feel strongly. Mary was equally jealous of the divorced wife. Solomon, in the "Song of Songs," uses language on this subject which can neither be added to nor improved. (Chap. VIII., 6-7.)

"*Little do I reckon,*" she was heard to exclaim, "*the loss for him [Bothwell] of France, Scotland and England. Rather than give him up I would follow him to the end of the earth, were it but in a white under-skirt.*" Could any woman declare her absorbing love and perfect fidelity in more unmistakeable language.

Bothwell knew that Mary was a confirmed and, in some respects, conscienceless coquette, but his fierce manhood could not tolerate this, once he became master of the situation and of her person.\* To attempt to demonstrate that

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\* It is not worth the while to combat the charge that Bothwell was jealous of Mary. He may have been justly so. His experience of her gave him reason to feel thus. But, is there any high degree of love without jealousy? Mary, on her part, however, was even more anxious to deprecate his suspicions, and the following lines ("Sonnet"), found with her letters and her contracts of marriage in the "Silver Casket," testify how she humbled herself to appease his distrust, and grovelled, queen as she was, at the feet of the lover she positively adored :

" Et vous doutez de ma ferme constance,  
*O mon seul bien et ma seule esperance*  
 Et ne vous puis assurer de ma foy,  
 Vous m'estimez légère que je voy,  
 Et si n'avez en moi nulle assurance,  
 Et soupçonnez mon cœur sans apparence  
 Vous défiant à trop grand tort de moy.  
*Vous ignorez l'amour que je vous porte,*  
*Vous soupçonnez qu'autre amour me transporte,*  
 Vous estimez mes paroles de vent,  
 Vous depeignez de cire, mon, las, cœur,  
 Vous me pensez femme sans jugement,  
 ET TOUT CELA AUGMENTE MON ARDEUR."

Could language go further to demonstrate the excess of the passion with which Mary gave herself up to the Earl!

Moreover, and directly to the point, she wrote to the French Court that "among her Scotch nobility she had not found one who could enter into a comparison with the Earl of Bothwell either in the elevation ("*reputation*") of his house or lineage, his own personal merits, his wisdom, his valor, and that she had yielded with the utmost willingness to the desire of the "Three Estates" in espousing him." This is as grand and sufficient as a more recent letter of a noble lady to her knight under somewhat similar circumstances: "Of late you have filled me with so much confidence that I venture to give you some of my thoughts. My heart is overflowing with love. First I admire you for your brains, I think you have a brilliant mind. Secondly, you are a gentle gentleman and know how to please and treat a lady. Thirdly, you are a person one could lean on and feel secure. But, above all, you have much good in you; I believe you love me and that you are true to me." Here we have almost identically the same sentiment that Mary expressed in her portraiture of Bothwell. If History often repeats itself, Love inevitably does.

Nor does even John Hosack, Mary's advocate (1. 155), fall short of this testimony. "Bothwell was the only one of the great nobles of Scotland who from first to last had remained faithful both to her [Mary's] mother and herself. \* \* \* Whatever may have been his follies or his crimes, *no man could say that James Hepburn was either a hypocrite or a traitor.* Though staunch to the religion which he professed, *he never made it the cloak for his ambition*; though driven into exile and reduced to extreme poverty by the malice of his enemies, *he never, so far as we know, accepted of a foreign bribe.* [All the others were for sale or bought.] In an age when political fidelity was the rarest of virtues, we need not be surprised that his sovereign at this time trusted and



Mary regretted the step she had taken, or that she had ceased to love Bothwell, or that the tide of her love had known the slightest ebb, is effectually disposed of by a single fact. The Confederated Lords, a "healthy crowd"—traitors to their country, to their queen, and to each other, as the passions or interests of the moment moved them to be—about as big a set of rascals as ever made an associate and better man their catspaw, and then sacrificed him—who had recommended her marriage, and entered into a bond to abet and protect it (Chalmers I., 159), now that it was consummated, banded together against the very husband of their selection. They summoned their retainers, and as there was no standing army in Scotland to protect the royal pair, the latter abandoned Edinburgh and took refuge in Borthwick Castle—untenable against artillery. There they were "surprised while banqueting" together, and surrounded by a strong force, eight hundred to a thousand horse, under the Earl of Morton and Lord Home (or Hume), with the avowed purpose of delivering Mary from what they undertook to show was a compulsory bond. If the Queen was not bound to her husband by the ties of undoubted affection—which her partisans undertake to show—all she had to do was to order the gates to be thrown open; because Bothwell had made his escape, dis-

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rewarded him \* \* although the common people admired his liberality and courage (his "characteristic daring," I. 158) Bothwell among his brother nobles had no friends." Why? They envied his gifts, and they envied his influence with the Queen.

NEED ANY MAN ASK A HIGHER EULOGY THAN THIS?

guised as a Presbyterian clergyman, by a secret passage. What did she do? Welcome her deliverers? No! She flung out to the night wind and to the rebels bitter words, and fiercer taunts, which she never would have done had she recognized those without as friends: and then, disguised as a page, in male apparel, booted and spurred, by night, she threw herself into a man's saddle and galloped off. Where? Into the ranks of those who claimed to be her friends? Again, no! Into the arms of Bothwell. Why? Because he was the unique love of her life, and she cast in her lot with him.

The sophistries of those who undertake to explain, and excuse and palliate what she did before and after the death of Darnley are swept away by such an incident as a slight fog is broomed away by a sudden gust of wind. With Bothwell, Mary took refuge in Dunbar. If discretion had ruled their counsels the royal pair would have triumphed. With little delay the "Band" of the Confederated Lords would have dissolved like a rope of sand. Bothwell's audacity led him to make a sortie, and the opposing forces confronted each other at Carberry Hill. Hoping to save him—solely to save him—in view of the base desertion of her little army, Mary consented to surrender herself to her opponents—who professed dutious loyalty to her—if her lover was allowed to withdraw in safety. Mary and her husband parted like fond lovers, with many kisses, with anguish and mutual protestations of fidelity.

Bothwell wrenched himself away and left the field and country.

Mary, in violation of the most solemn compact, was led away to a dungeon.

Both were blasted in reputation.

The unhappy Bothwell, falsely branded as a pirate, was driven by the elements, rather than by men, into a port of Norway. Trepanned there, and made a prisoner of State, he paid for his brief dream of happiness and love by an imprisonment, at first honorable, and gradually more or less severe, in different castles and dungeons. For ten years he continued a captive, the victim of a State policy subservient to the wishes of the various Scottish administrations during that period. The Danish king, Frederic II., at first treated him well and courteously, and for a long time protected him, expecting that Mary would be restored to her throne and the Earl recalled to her side. (Bothwell died 14th April, 1575. Schiern, 385.)

That he died insane is one of the errors propagated by enemies, among these the Buchanans; Thomas, the Scottish representative in Denmark, and George, the scurrilous pretender to be an honest historian. (Schjern, 387, 389.)

Mary, refusing to consent to a divorce from Bothwell, by whom, according to the English ambassador Throckmorton, and the French representative, the upright Castelnau de Mauvissiere, "so good and honest a man," she

said she was with child, after a year's detention in Lochleven escaped, had a short taste of freedom, was defeated at Langside; fled into England, and on her part expiated the mistake at Carberry Hill by an imprisonment of nineteen years. The axe of the headsman terminated her struggles and sufferings at Fotheringay Castle in 1587.

Her son by Darnley, James VI. of Scotland—became James I. of England—who would not raise his voice or hand to save his mother, sought out and destroyed every evidence of her complicity in the murder of her husband, Darnley, and razed the edifice in which she perished, in deference to the opinion of posterity, whereas he had not shown the slightest sense of shame for the sentiments of contemporaries.

The unique love of Mary, Queen of Scots, was James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. Her previous husbands did not possess the parts to retain the affections of such a woman. Bothwell was a man, and as such she loved him.

There is no passage in history which should enlist the sympathy of men or women susceptible of real affection, more than this bright, short, sad episode, the brief honeymoon of these two unfortunates. Both were the victims of their passions, but the great cause of their unhappiness was their undeniable, fierce love for each other.

It is very clear that the associated Lords first impelled Bothwell to marriage to ruin the Queen and his influence,

and then assailed the Queen to dispose of Bothwell forever. Their action was devilish in its inception and doubly so in its execution. Mary was ardently in love with Bothwell, and he was devotedly in love with her. Both were sacrificed by satanic Scottish cunning and wickedness. The real beginning of Mary's misfortunes took its fatal spring in her intense abiding love for Bothwell. The remote alighting of the leap was his death in a foreign, inhuman dungeon; hers on the block. The union of Mary and Bothwell was the finest love episode of Mary's unhappy life. This was her real love, short and sweet, the honeymoon or haleyon season of her life.

The Queen was tired of boys like Francis or unbearded youths like Darnley, or swordsmen, poets, or musicians, who could turn or sing a stave, not handle one pointed and braced and shod with steel; and she sought a man to counsel her with words of practiced wisdom, to buttress her with constant stalwart mind, to guide her with astute, audacious, adamant will, to set her battle in array and fight it too. All this she sought, and found in James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He was the only man she ever loved; he was the only man she loved who was worthy of the love—criminal in whatever degree it was—that she gave so grandly, greatly to him.

According to Swinburne the unique, honest, absorbing love of her life was Bothwell, and he—like so many others—expiated his devotion to her, as all her admirers

did, by a miserable end, and she her passion for him by twenty years of utter wretchedness. Fate willed it to be so. Bothwell's audacity withered in the light of Mary's preference, so that he added his own marked manhood to the terrible list of martyrs to the annihilating preference of Mary Stuart.

Better had he realized, at Carberry Hill, the words which Swinburne places in the mouth of a far, far lesser man, when Mary asked,

“Douglas, I have not won a word of you ;  
What would you do to have me tarry ?”

“DIE !”















